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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"We are going to the relief of our comrades in Ladysmith: there will be no turning back." Such was the spirited message with which Sir Redvers Buller inaugurated his new movement. Until Thursday nothing further was known than the news of Friday week that Potgieter's Drift had been occupied. A telegram from Lord Roberts on Thursday announced that one brigade and howitzer battery had crossed the Tugela River at Potgieter's Drift: also that five miles further West at Trichardt's Drift Sir Charles Warren had thrown a pontoon bridge over the river; that part of his force had crossed on Wednesday and the remainder was expected by Thursday morning to be on the North bank. The enemy's position, strongly entrenched, was about five miles off to his right front, and he hoped to be able to turn it. At Colesberg the most important incident has been a Boer attempt to take a hill held by a company of the Yorkshire Regiment and by the New Zealanders which was repulsed at the point of the bayonet. General Gatacre's position is practically what it was a week ago. In both cases any important change will depend upon the result of the operations on the Tugela. The most interesting news from the Modder River is of a successful expedition which started on the 7th of January into the Free State, the first considerable demonstration that has been made in the enemy's territory.

Further knowledge of the operations on the Tugela does not show the unfortunate battle of Colenso in a more pleasant light. A great chance seems to have been lost on 13 December. At 7.15 A.M. that morning the naval guns attached to the advanced brigade began to bombard the kopjes north of Colenso. The Boers were then hard at work strengthening the latter. But for some unexplained reason the bombardment was ordered from headquarters to cease. The brigade in question was commanded by a general officer, who might surely have been trusted not to fire unnecessarily. Yet those who were not on the spot ordered the fire to cease. Our hateful system of centralisation, which so jealously guards against individuality in commanders, was alone responsible for this episode. On the following day the main body was moved forward to Chieveley. They encamped in the open, so that the Boers were

aware of their every movement, and were thus well prepared for the attack which was delivered on the 15th. As is now but too well known, these arrangements for forcing the passage of the Tugela failed in their effect, and the mistakes, especially by the cavalry and artillery commanders, appear to have been many.

Sir Frederick Carrington, it is announced, is at last to be sent to the seat of war. Why, as has already been remarked in these columns, this was not done before it is hard to conceive. Probably no man in our army has so extensive a knowledge of the country or of the Boers. He has spent practically the whole of his military career in South Africa, and, though not in any sense distinguished as strategist or tactician, so good a rough-and-ready fighter is sure to do well. Sir Frederick is above all a man of the soundest common-sense—a quality in which some of our most distinguished generals in South Africa have so far proved themselves lacking—and he may be trusted not to lose his head when unusual responsibility is thrust upon him.

Native India has for sound reasons to stand aloof from the fighting in Africa; very much against its will, for it would rejoice to range itself with the Colonies. The aid of Indians has been restricted to the service of the ambulances, but there is a point of view from which India is seen in very interesting connexion with the war. We are not referring to the body of Anglo-Indian volunteers which has been raised from the planters and others; nor to the action of certain Indian princes; nor to the fact that the troops who have so long and so gallantly held Ladysmith have for the most part won fame in India and are under India's late Commander-in-Chief. The connexion is that a former Viceroy, Lord Dufferin, and a former Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts, have each lost a son in the present South African campaign. All Anglo-Indians and indeed all Britons will see in this association in misfortune of two such distinguished Anglo-Indians not the least pathetic of the many pathetic circumstances of the war.

The "Bundesrath" the mail steamer of the German East Africa Line has been released. As in the cases of the "Herzog" and the "General" no contraband was found on board. The confession that a mistake of fact has been made does not involve any admission that the seizure was illegal in itself. Mail steamers are not less liable to seizure than other vessels unless treaties render them exempt, and there is no such treaty between Germany and Britain. Probably an arrangement will be come to for securing the privileges of mail steamers under

certain restrictions. If the conditions have been formulated they have not yet been announced, and the broad assertions of the German papers are by no means based on a scrupulous regard for accuracy. The only thing certain is that we shall have to pay dearly in money at any rate for mistakes into which it is suggested we have been led by false reports and agents provocateurs of the Boers, who have put us on the wrong scent while they have been quietly eluding us in other directions.

The message from the students of the University of Greece to the President of the Oxford Union Society is representative of the views generally taken by the smaller European States of the war in South Africa. At a time when the larger States by their press have shown themselves violently hostile to Great Britain, an hostility evidently based upon the most blatant of selfish and envious motives, it is well to remember that there is another set of nations not in the circle of the Great Powers whose opinions are freer from sinister influences. They are especially valuable for the reason that the most serious charge against us is that we are oppressing a small State, whose liberties we are cruelly attempting to destroy. It is precisely countries which have had to fight for their liberties such as Italy, Greece, and the small States of Eastern Europe whose opinion is on our side. The Greek students express the prevailing sentiment of such countries when they look to England to support the cause of oppressed peoples. They have nothing to gain like the Great Powers, but they know well enough they have nothing to fear from England, and this is an excellent condition for the exercise of sound judgment.

The views with which Spain favours us are amusing and naïve. Much of the sympathy the Spaniards feel for British misfortunes is due to their remarkable discovery of the analogy between our difficulties in the Transvaal and their own in Cuba, and this fellow-feeling of one "dying nation" with another makes them wondrous kind. We can hardly resent the comfort they derive from the discovery that Great Britain is so much like Spain—it is so pathetically natural. Once, they remind themselves, Spain was mistress of more than half the world, and now she has lost her possessions and her colonies. So it will be with England, and the Transvaal war is the beginning of the end. Our patriotism is only a frenzy, an outburst of delirium which precedes dissolution. That partly accounts for our Volunteer movement, and the misery and distress of our poorer classes explain the rest. The "Liberal" never realised how great was the distress until it learnt that a hundred thousand Volunteers were willing to fall before the bullets of the Boers rather than starve at home!

Lord Curzon closed a tour, remarkable in the annals of viceroyalty and crowded with work of far-reaching utility, by a stately ceremony at Lucknow—the old capital of the Mohammedan kings of Oudh. Here he placed himself in touch with the Taluqdars—"the Barons of Oudh"—who may be classed as the most prominent and powerful body of landed aristocracy in India. Since the policy of Lord Canning after the Mutiny converted them into firm friends and supporters of British rule, the Taluqdars have been conspicuous for loyalty while cherishing their independence and unity. To such a body a ruler of Lord Curzon's stamp appeals with unusual force and he did not fail to take full advantage of his historic surroundings. His speech was a thoroughly statesmanlike address, eloquent dignified and sympathetic. That he touched the right chords was evident from the outburst of enthusiasm which broke through the usual grave solemnity of a State function.

M. de Witte the Russian Minister of Finance sums up the Budget estimates for 1900 with the remark that "at the roots the economical life of Russia is healthy" notwithstanding harvest failures, the great outlay on the Siberian Railway, the unfavourable condition of the money market and other temporary inconveniences. The extraordinary growth of Russian industries during the last twenty years is ascribed entirely to the bene-

ficial effects of protection. Their total value has increased threefold. Metallurgical work and mining in particular have made great strides. The output of coal has increased about sevenfold, pig-iron sixfold, and steel more than thirtyfold. At present there is a dearth of coal, as the native mines cannot keep pace with the growing needs of the metallurgical works and railways. The increase of demand in coal owing to the growing dearth of wood is a significant fact; it indicates a similar stage of industrialism being reached as in England when the dearth of wood for charcoal was hindering our manufacture of iron and the use of coal was not yet practicable. M. de Witte intends to diminish very carefully the duty on foreign coal to meet the dearth.

The particulars as to railways are especially interesting. Government purchases within the last ten years have reduced private companies from 42 to 9; and the former chronic deficits have given place to increasing profits since 1895. Exclusive of the branch through Manchuria, of which 297 miles are open for traffic from Port Arthur to Mukden, the network of railways in the Russian Empire now covers 36,857 miles. The Siberian Railway is one of the temporary inconveniences of which M. de Witte speaks. Its cost of construction has been over three-quarters of a milliard roubles (£107,000,000 roughly) and this, he remarks, obscures from the appreciation of the present generation its future blessings and importance. For 1900 the appropriations to communications are only some two million roubles less than those to the War Department. Without losing sight of the military side of these railways we must allow their significance as a mark of Russia's industrial advance. In this connexion it is important also to notice that a new special department has been created in the Council of State of "Industry, Science, and Trade," for directing national education and the economical development of the country.

Unhappily money is very "tight" and the gold reserve has diminished during the past twelve months by 24,600,000 roubles. It is all the more distressing because M. de Witte points out that the depressed condition of the money market has been brought about not only by such circumstances as the "present events in South Africa" but still more by "a confused apprehension of further complications of a political character." He does not of course include in these political complications the experiment of sending troops from Tiflis to Khushk. That is impossible for we are told the alarm would be considerably allayed if public opinion abroad would become penetrated with the views entertained by the monarch of 130,000,000 faithful subjects. With the same charming benignity the Tsar, in his New Year's Rescript addressed to Count Muraviev, refers to the evident necessities of Russia as "a great maritime power" being met by the acquisition of Ports Arthur and Dalny, and to the negotiations with the British and Japanese Governments "which by removing any reason for misunderstandings in the political domain enable Russia to devote her strength to the progressive development in prosperity of her possessions in the Far East." These are somewhat unfortunate reminiscences for inspiring confidence, but as M. de Witte is wanting money we may suppose that a peace policy, for the present at least, is the policy of Russia.

A new Austrian Ministry has been formed under Dr. von Körber, whose first business will be to discover some means of putting an end to the strife of German and Czech. The conflict has spread from the Reichsrath to the Delegations. When the Emperor notes this fact he is met by the answer that it is unavoidable as foreign affairs are so closely connected with domestic politics. From a conversation between the Emperor and one of the Czech leaders, Dr. Stransky, of which the "Times" correspondent sends an account, it appears that the Emperor at least feels himself on firm ground in dealing with the question so far as it affects the army. Dr. Stransky recently referred in the Austrian Delegation to the case of the Czech reservists in Bohemia who in 1898 responded in their own language to the roll call—using "zde" instead of the German "hier," which gave rise

to the "zde" question as it is called. The Emperor made it very clear that he intends German to be the language of the army. The army must be left alone he declared, and if the people do not give way then he says "I am quite capable of having the state of siege proclaimed, and I warn you beforehand I shall not grant any amnesties." If tranquillity is to be restored in the nation itself it will probably be by the exercise of the Emperor's prerogative. The quarrel is too embittered to be settled by voluntary compromise.

Count Goluchowski the Austro-Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs and M. de Kállay the Minister of Finance, before the Hungarian Delegation this week defended the Triple Alliance from the twofold attack of those who profess to see in the alliance with Italy the sacrifice of the Church's interests, and of those who regard it as sacrificing the commercial interests of Austria-Hungary to those of Germany. M. de Kállay whilst insisting that the alliance is purely political and defensive, did not hesitate to say that Austria-Hungary was bound to be beaten in the commercial rivalry with Germany, not only because the Dual Empire is weaker but because those engaged in industrial and commercial pursuits have not sufficient energy and perseverance. He denied the imputed hostility of the Government's foreign policy to the Holy See. The attack on the Triple Alliance and the efforts to defeat all attempts to reconcile the German and Czech parties are alike part of the general programme of the ultra-clericals and the reactionaries against constitutionalism. It is noteworthy that there has been a great rally of distinguished Hungarian representatives such as M. Koloman Tisza, the former Hungarian Premier, in support of the views of the Imperial Ministers.

Mr. Austin Lee's report on the French colonies issued this week, emphasises the difference in the French and British systems. French colonies notoriously are colonies in an administrative sense only. France can spare no more than 5,000 emigrants per annum, and but for economic pressure they would serve her purpose better at home. To maintain her colonial empire France employs 231 officials at the Ministry of the Colonies—that is nearly four times as many as are employed in the British Colonial Office. Most of the French possessions are of course not suitable for settlement. If the population of France were redundant appreciable relief would not be afforded by her over-the-sea possessions, and Mr. Lee explains that they are of value chiefly for commercial purposes. If in the past French colonies have been somewhat of a luxury on which officialdom alone has grown fat, in the future there seems some chance that they may be turned to better account. Frenchmen who specially interest themselves in colonial affairs urge now that the colonies should be so organised as to provide the mother-country with commodities she cannot produce for herself, the mother-country taking good care to retain the monopoly of her colonial markets for her own manufactures.

If the French Government decides to proceed with its new Education Bill we may certainly anticipate for it a disaster which would be thoroughly deserved. It proposes that every candidate for public office or for admission to any of the State establishments for special training, e.g. the military and naval schools, the schools of mines and others, shall pass the last three years of his preliminary studies in a State institution. This is an outrageous blow aimed at all denominational institutions as well as the free faculties and private establishments not subject to ecclesiastical control, from which candidates pass to the various branches of the public service. But this is not the only move in the direction of the State monopoly of all education. Two schemes have been prepared by the Commission of Education which have just been reported on by M. Aynard. One of them proposes in terms to put all education under the control of the State: the other proposes that no religious organisation shall be allowed to establish primary or secondary schools. It will be seen that these proposals go beyond the Government's own Bill and the question is what will be its attitude towards them, and whether it will not only

persist in its own scheme but even make it still more intolerant and aggressive.

M. Aynard's report is a strong protest against these proposals as arbitrary and persecuting, as encroachments on the liberty and authority of parents and as violations of the liberty of conscience. It is described as intolerant Jacobinism, to which Caesarism would be preferable provided it practised religious tolerance, and of which Republicans should be ashamed. The pretext is that Catholic schools are centres of anti-Republicanism, but he denies the validity of such a reason for putting pressure on the conscience in the interests of any political doctrine. Certain passages of the report read like a statement of our own difficulties between State education on the one hand and denominational schools on the other. They dwell on the crushing force of State education with its funds supplied from all classes—from Catholics who have the double burden of supporting their own schools and those of the State. If with such resources and with such splendid provisions out of the common purse Catholic competition has not been crushed the determination to crush it is tyranny of the most barbarous character. M. Aynard refers to England and America as having consolidated their national force by making all creeds live together and by combining progress with respect for tradition. Probably M. Aynard is not unaware that we have narrowly escaped the tyranny which he so eloquently denounces.

There is a striking contrast between the obscure position of a minister in the sect with which Dr. Martineau was professionally connected, and the influence which he exercised on wider circles of thought as philosopher and theologian. Though the differences between him and Cardinal Newman on all specific points of dogma separated them widely as the poles, they both exercised a similar intellectual and spiritual fascination over many who would not for a moment have dreamed of accepting their doctrinal systems. In both cases an exquisite literary style made of ethical disquisitions models of English prose. Dr. Martineau has been compared with Bishop Butler, but in point of style the name of Bishop Berkeley more readily occurs. Each had the uncommon gift of writing beautifully on philosophical subjects. Mention of Butler reminds us of Mr. Gladstone's opinion that Martineau was the greatest thinker of his age. We at least owe him thanks for helping to depopularise utilitarianism. He went so far that, as in many other cases, we wonder why he did not go further. Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Spencer are almost the last of that great galaxy of "intellectuals" of whom Dr. Martineau was one who have made the nineteenth century illustrious.

Two of the appointments vacated by Mr. Danckwartz on taking silk have gone respectively to Mr. G. B. Askwith of the Western and Mr. S. A. T. Rowlatt of the Oxford circuit. Mr. Askwith who has been appointed Counsel to the Commissioners of Works and Public Buildings took a note of the Parnell Commission proceedings for Mr. William Graham the Junior Counsel for the "Times," and did so well that after a week or two he received a brief as sub-junior. Thereafter he became and still continues to be one of Sir Richard Webster's "devils." At the Venezuela arbitration he held a junior brief for the Government. Mr. S. A. T. Rowlatt who was also briefed for the Government at the Venezuela arbitration now becomes Junior Standing Counsel to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. For several years he has been an assiduous "devil" to the Solicitor-General Sir Robert Finlay. Diligent and capable work in the Chambers of a big lawyer if pursued for a sufficient number of years is usually substantially rewarded in the end.

We should not lose sight of the sordid tragedies of ordinary daily life by too much absorption in the magnificent drama of war. Two such tragedies reported this week are worth attention. A clerk of twenty-seven years of age living at Wandsworth kills his wife and child and then commits suicide. The act was concerted between husband and wife. They left letters saying that life had become unbearable through poverty. They had both been struck down by influenza,

and the small income on which they lived rendered it impossible to procure good food and medical comforts. The second case is an inquest on a young child, one of a family of seven living in two rooms in a court off the Strand. Three other families lived in the house. For their rooms a rent of 7s. 6d. a week was paid but to whom was not known—the landlord being anonymous. The mother stated that she had lost six children and inquests had been held on three of them. It was evident said the coroner at this latest inquest that the people were living in a wretched place which had been condemned, but by means of a skilful and anonymous landlord the house had so far escaped; and it was no part of the jury's duty to find out the landlord. Such are the tragedies of poverty.

A preliminary summary of labour disputes during 1899 has been issued so promptly that it is curious we should have to wait a whole year for the full report as is usual. Though some of the disputes are not yet settled it is quite evident last year, fortunately, was freer from important disputes than any year in recent times. In 1898, as we have noticed before, employers on the whole were the winning parties but in 1899 the victories were almost equally divided. The coal districts were again the scenes of most of the conflicts. In the South including London only a little over six thousand workpeople were involved. The upward movement of wages began in the latter part of 1895 and continued during 1896, 1897 and 1898 and was maintained during 1899. In the latter year over a million people had advances amounting to about eighteenpence per head on their weekly wages—the coal-mining and iron and steel industries being the greatest gainers. There has also been a small decrease in hours of labour of some thirty thousand people. Public authorities have been somewhat liberal in this respect.

The part the coal interest plays in industrial affairs is so important, and the public is so much at its mercy when labour disputes arise that we may assume an interest in the joint conference of coalowners and miners of the federated mining districts which met during the week at the Westminster Palace Hotel, though the matters discussed are technical. The chief point is that the Conciliation Board which is intended to settle, without recourse to strikes, the wages of half a million miners is to be continued until January 1904; and in consideration of this wages are to be increased 5 per cent. until January 1901. From then until January 1904 they are not to be below a minimum of 30 per cent. nor over a maximum of 60 per cent. on the standard wages of 1888, and what they are actually to be within these limits is to be determined by the Conciliation Board. The value of such an arrangement cannot be exaggerated; and its effect is not confined to the particular industry in question.

The feature of the week on the Stock Exchange has been the rise of Consols to 101½ and the reduction of the Bank-rate from 5 to 4½. Better news from South Africa combined with cheaper and more abundant money to put prices up all round, though there was nothing like a boom in any market. The truth is that the experience of the last six months has been so unpleasant that it will take some time before the stale bull returns to browse in his old pastures. Take American rails, for instance: they are firm, but not anything like buoyant. The reason is that dividend disappointments have followed fast upon one another, and that, with splendid traffics, prices are much lower than they were six months ago. It is now whispered that American dealers have overbought themselves, and are waiting to unload. Home rails are desperately dull, and the best speculative markets would seem to be Kaffirs and Argentine rails. The rise of Central Argentines from 103 to 114 in the last month is the prelude to an advance all along the line in this department, which has not had a turn for very many years. Mr. Meinertzhagen, the chairman of the London Joint Stock Bank, stated in his speech to the shareholders that "the war was only one of the many causes of dear money" and that we should have had higher money without the war. In his opinion, there was every prospect "for the immediate future" of rates keeping up.

THE TEMPER OF THE COUNTRY.

THE one thing that wrings from our Continental enemies a tribute of admiration is the calm confidence with which the public takes the war news. We who live in the steam of criticism and conjecture that flows from morning to night backwards and forwards between the City and the West End, wish that the tribute were wholly deserved. It is impossible not to be conscious of the feverish, almost hysterical, anxiety that has laid hold of a considerable section of the people, and diverts them from the conduct of their ordinary affairs. Three months ago when the rupture occurred, the SATURDAY REVIEW begged the nation to take this war "in its stride." That is hardly what it is doing. Over-confidence at the beginning has been followed by over-modesty in the middle of the campaign. There is a disposition on the part of those who mistake a check for an irretrievable reverse and a national disgrace to believe in nobody, or rather to believe the worst of everybody, generals, Cabinet Ministers, and permanent officials. There is a great deal of loose rhetoric about the danger to our Empire, which in calmer moments we should laugh at. We are fighting for the possession of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, neither more nor less. Lose the war we cannot, so long, that is, as two and two make four. But we might from unforeseen circumstances, such as a change of Government or a quarrel with a Great Power, conclude a peace upon a less favourable basis than we anticipate. What then? According to some of our croakers we should lose Cape Colony, Natal, Canada, Australia, and India. Was there ever such ignorant, we had almost said insane, nonsense? We lost our American colonies in the last century, but we kept Canada and India. Whether we do or do not annex the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, we shall keep Cape Colony and Natal because there are too many British settled there for it to be otherwise. As for the rest of our Empire, the supremacy of our fleet is still indisputable; India is still inaccessible to Russia; and it is an insult to our Canadian and Australian fellow-subjects to suppose that an hour of humiliation would change their feelings. As we have repeatedly insisted in these columns, anyone who will take the trouble to master the facts and figures must agree that, barring unforeseeable accidents and calamities, the winning of this war can only be a question of six or eight months. But it is morbid and undignified to talk about the existence of the Empire being endangered by Messrs. Kruger and Steyn. Let us read a little, ever so little modern history, and cultivate a sense of proportion. Not only our colonial empire, but our island home was in danger at moments during our long struggle with Napoleon. When the Mutiny broke out in 1857 it looked at one time as if we might have to begin the work of Clive and Warren Hastings over again. But it is puerile to compare the worst that could happen to us in South Africa to any of the above events. Our export trade is practically unaffected, while our home trade is increasing and is likely to continue doing so. This question of trade reminds us that London is for obvious reasons more adversely affected by the war than the provinces, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the adverse effect is more concentrated in the metropolis. London is the money market of the world, and the war has, as all wars do, upset a good many calculations in the City. London is not the seat of any of our great staple industries. Like all capitals, it is the centre of pleasure and expenditure, and a large proportion of its population lives by ministering to the luxury of the well-to-do. The war has made a great difference in the West End, the more noticeable because the world from which our officers have disappeared is small. London tradesmen are beginning to feel the war, and will feel it more. Even "cabby" complains that business is slack. On the other hand, trade has been very brisk in the North, at Bradford and Leeds, and in the iron and coal districts. It is probable therefore that a calmer view is taken of the war in Yorkshire and Lancashire than in Pall Mall or Throgmorton Street. Another symptom of the superexcitement in certain quarters is the launching of large, and sometimes ludicrous, schemes of national defence.

That the War Office and the Army will be reorganised after the war is certain and desirable. This Transvaal war is quite exceptional in every respect, though one would imagine from some of the proposals that France and Germany were geographical counterparts of Natal, or that in future the Uhlan would be a copy of the Boer farmer on his pony. We are never likely to be again engaged in a similar war, nor shall we be easily induced to pit our land forces against those of a first-rate European Power. A small, but efficient, army should still be our desideratum, as everyone will admit a year hence. Nothing could be more admirable than the spirit which has induced men of all positions in life to volunteer for Yeomanry and mounted infantry corps. But more men are not wanted at present in South Africa, and we wish that some of those who cannot fight would show their patriotism by a little more confidence in those who can.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

THE news that Sir Redvers Buller had crossed the Tugela was a welcome relief after the tension of a whole week. The state of affairs is certainly brighter than it has been for some time past. Sir Redvers Buller may have, and probably has, an exceedingly tough piece of work still before him. It is however satisfactory to know that the country between Potgieter's Drift and Ladysmith is less adapted to Boer tactics than the other parts of Natal which hitherto have been the scene of our operations. One disquieting feature of the week's news appears in reports of the lack of confidence with which some of our Generals are regarded by the troops under their command. It is certainly lamentable that an unaccustomed share of responsibility seems to have turned the heads of some of our commanders. It is not that no initiative has been shown, but that where it has been taken, it has been injudiciously exercised. For this our Generals are not entirely to blame. The system is mainly at fault. Too much power has been centred in London, with the result that its influence has made itself felt throughout all ranks—Generals, Colonels, company and even section commanders alike.

The relieving force marched westward on the 10th, the Boers' right flank being Sir Redvers Buller's main objective. By a brilliant dash Lord Dundonald's cavalry brigade seized a strong position on Zwart's Kop commanding Potgieter's Drift over the Tugela. They succeeded in taking the Boers completely by surprise. General Lyttelton's brigade was subsequently sent to the same spot. Meanwhile a strong force was kept to hold Colenso, and General Hildyard's brigade remained at Springfield. A further advance was then made. It happened that the pont or flying bridge at Potgieter's Drift was on the far side of the river. But an officer and five men of the South African Light Horse swam across to secure it. Sir Redvers Buller's telegram of the 11th also told us that the river was flooded. A halt of four days was then made on the south side of the Tugela. On the 16th General Lyttelton's brigade crossed, and on the following day shelled the Boer position which we were told on the 11th was four and a half miles north of the Drift. At the same time Sir Charles Warren's division was crossing the river at Trichardt's Drift—about five miles above Potgieter's. Springfield lies on the north bank of the Little Tugela, and Potgieter's Drift appears to be a ford some eight miles north of this spot. It is about fifteen miles N.-W. of Colenso. Thence the road runs in a north-easterly direction to Ladysmith—about fifteen miles distant. The district through which the latter runs appears, with the exception of several menacing points, fairly open. From the details to hand the whole operation seems to have been skilfully carried out in a district not strongly occupied by the Boers. Unless some untoward surprise is in store for us, we may now not unreasonably hope that before long Sir Redvers Buller and Sir George White will have joined hands. Should this be the case, the tasks both of Lord Roberts and of his subordinate commanders will be much simplified. In any case our suspense on this score should soon be over. In the North of Cape Colony General Gatacre's force is still very weak. He has pushed forward a force of infantry

and artillery to Molteno and occupied Lopesberg with 300 men of all ranks. General French has been reinforced, and continues to harass the enemy. He is however as yet unable to take Colesberg. On the 12th he sent out a small force, which, after having shelled Colesberg road bridge, returned to camp without casualties. On the 15th a determined attack was made on a British advanced post. It was held by the New Zealand Mounted Rifles and an infantry detachment. The Boers were repulsed with the loss of twenty killed and fifty wounded. It is to be hoped that the forces in this quarter will soon be strengthened, thus enabling the war to be carried into the Orange Free State. From the West similarly we have heard of nothing decisive. One satisfactory piece of news comes from this quarter. The Free State has been invaded, and it is stated that a British post has been established at Zoutpan's Drift—twenty miles east of Orange River. On the 16th a demonstration was made by a division under Lord Methuen. Its object was to ascertain the strength and whereabouts of the Boers, and to divert their attention from Kimberley. In these objects Lord Methuen was successful. Kimberley is still safe, as was Mafeking on 6 January.

It is not unreasonable to hope that a turning-point in our fortunes has now been reached, and that the Generals have learnt more wisdom in the hard school of adversity. At any rate in the words of Sir Redvers Buller's spirited address "there will be no turning back." Hitherto indecision, a reckless knocking of heads against impregnable Boer positions, and unreconnoitred advances which have ended in surrenders have been far too familiar features of the struggle—even after allowing for the proverbial uncertainty of war. The new headquarter staff has now been a week in South Africa—little enough time indeed to master the details of the general entanglement which dominates the military situations. However hard they may strive, and however great may be the ability which is brought to bear on the work in hand, their efforts can hardly be appreciably felt for some time to come.

AMATEUR CABINET-MAKERS.

MR. BALFOUR, having let us into the unsuspected secret that the Cabinet Minister is no better than the man in the street, it is only natural that a good many men in the street, or in the country (which is the same thing), should have been putting themselves and their friends into imaginary Ministries. There is a story in one of the "Arabian Nights" of a poor glass-merchant of Bagdad who, balancing his tray of brittle wares upon a shady parapet, sat down beside it to muse upon the misgovernment of the world. He imagined himself to be the Grand Vizier, and directing a vigorous kick at one of the favourites of the harem brought his glass-tray with a crash to the ground. Some of our contemporaries in the press will have as rude an awakening from their day-dreams when Parliament meets at the end of the month. They will then discover that, fascinating as is the occupation of cabinet-making, and vigorous as have been their kicks at various favourites, they have in reality done nothing but smash their own crockery for the amusement of the corner-boy. It is of course Mr. Balfour's fault that the poor things have been led into the dangerous dissipation of building castles in Downing Street, for until the First Lord of the Treasury, with more than Socratic humility, confessed the ignorance of the wise, such a phrase as the reconstruction of the Cabinet would have sounded in the ears of most of these gentry like flat blasphemy. We cannot pretend that we shall feel sorry at the discomfiture of these amateur cabinet-makers and in the meantime we shall take the liberty of examining some of their schemes.

On one point all our contemporaries are agreed:—most of our Cabinet Ministers are too old. They do not exactly propose that Anthony Trollope's "Fixed Period" shall be applied, and that after fifty-five every privy councillor shall be hurried off to a painless extinction; but they come very near it. Obviously such functionaries as the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Privy Seal, and the Chancellor of the Duchy ought to

be in the prime of life, whereas in fact their united ages approach that of Methusaleh. Then it is quite clear that Lord Salisbury is no longer able to support the double burthen of Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. As it is difficult to deny that he does know something about Foreign Affairs—indeed it is graciously conceded that Lord Salisbury's is still "the wisest mind in the empire"—he is to be allowed to drudge away at his despatch boxes, but from the Premiership he must step down to make way for Mr. Arthur Balfour, notwithstanding the Manchester speeches. With Lord Lansdowne there is a short way: he is to be transferred (no disgrace to him) to some other post, probably one of those vacated by one of the retired Methusalehs above referred to. The right man to succeed him at the War Office is Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. But no, upon second thoughts, he cannot be spared from the Exchequer. The thing is plain as way to parish church: the man to be Secretary of State for War is Mr. Arnold-Forster, an "old and valued contributor." Mr. Arnold-Forster is an enterprising publisher and an able writer and speaker. No one would rejoice more heartily than ourselves to see his unwearied industry and accurate information utilised in the public service and rewarded by the Government. But we should like to watch Lord Salisbury's face when it was proposed to him that he should take a seat under his nephew, and that Mr. Arnold-Forster should supplant Lord Lansdowne.

That the composition of the Cabinet might be improved we are not concerned to deny. If we may hazard a suggestion amongst such a crowd of competitors, we think that Mr. Hanbury might with advantage to the public be placed at the head of one of the great spending departments. Quite unaccountably, however, Her Majesty's Ministers refuse to play at the game of reconstruction. Taken aside one by one, each of them would probably agree with Mr. Balfour that his colleagues were no better than the man in the street. But consciousness of your colleagues' infirmities is not quite the same thing as consciousness of your own: and taken as a body, Ministers are determined to stand or fall together. Mr. Chamberlain, who makes more use of the press than any other Cabinet Minister, has quite plainly intimated to potential mutineers in the Tory ranks that he will stand no nonsense about scapegoats or reorganisation. If a vote of want of confidence is carried in the House of Commons, the Government will not only resign, but dissolve: such is the message that reaches us from Birmingham. This is rather a transparent attempt to coerce recalcitrants into submission, and not in accordance with precedent. When Lord Aberdeen's Government was beaten by Mr. Roebuck it resigned, but did not dissolve. Other times, other manners; and Mr. Chamberlain is evidently determined to use the threat of dissolution without mercy. It will of course be successful; for neither the amateur cabinet-makers nor the grumblers of the Carlton Club are prepared to face a general election in the middle of the war. Sir Charles Dilke's amendment to the Address will not receive any considerable support from the Opposition. The Roseberyites will not vote for a motion of no-confidence from a patriotic desire to support a Government which is conducting a war. A large section of the Radicals may adopt a similar course from different motives. Believing as many of them do that the war is unjust, that it will only be partially successful, that it will be very costly, and that it will therefore in the long run be unpopular, the Morleyite Radicals are only too anxious to keep the present Government in office. As for reconstruction, these gentlemen regard the Cabinet as they do the Established Church, as an institution inherently weak and not on any account to be strengthened by internal reform. For these reasons we shall not be surprised to find that Sir Charles Dilke is supported only by a handful of Radical Extremists, like Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Philip Stanhope, and by the Irish Nationalists. Upon a consideration of the whole matter, it would appear that a great deal of ingenuity, ink, and paper has been lavished upon the reorganisation of the Government, and that the effect upon the Government has been just nothing at all.

TWO RESCRIPTS AND A MORAL.

THE New Year, which lags in Russia a fortnight behind the rest of the world, has brought substantial, if tardy, consolation to the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Much ingenious speculation has been expended during the last two months as to the position which Count Muravieff really occupied in the Imperial counsels. Certain indiscretions, the scene of which was not laid in S. Petersburg, were generally understood to have led to a situation somewhat strained between the Minister and his Imperial master. Talleyrand's well-worn advice "*surtout point de zèle*," too often ignored by the New Diplomacy under more democratic auspices, was believed to have vindicated itself in the case of a Foreign Office usually considered more discreet. Whatever the causes which operated with the other parties, Count Muravieff made a blunder and incurred a snub in an attempt to engineer mischief for this country in Europe and the slight was emphasised when the Tsar's rescript to M. de Witte appeared on 20 December. There are two ways of punishing a Minister who commits indiscretions, one is by blaming the culprit, the other is by commending his rival. With discreet ingenuity the Tsar selected the latter course which had the merit of avoiding open reference to the *faux pas* of the offender. As the fault of the Foreign Minister turned more to his own confusion than that of the State a month's reflexion has been deemed enough, and on Saturday last another rescript appeared not less gracious than the one addressed to the Minister of Finance. While however the manner of the document is cordial the matter is hardly calculated to give unmixed satisfaction to the party in Russia with which the Count's sympathies are generally supposed to lie. When his master reviews his work during the three years he has held his office it is as the harbinger of peace that he finds himself commended. Peaceable settlements in the Balkans, in Crete and in China and the carrying through of the Hague Conference, under his master's directions, form his claim to the Imperial gratitude. Evidently a man may be a philosopher without knowing it and it is pleasing, though rare, when our unsuspected virtues are rewarded openly. These compliments may have a double edge for the recipient but the rescript itself is a document which the world at large will interpret in only one sense, viz. that the Imperial author will not suffer the peace to be disturbed at the present moment by any causes over which he can exercise control.

While no doubt is possible as to the pacific aims of the Tsar himself signs are not wanting that the military party in Russia is disposed to take advantage of the difficulties in which this country finds itself. So much publicity was given to the despatch of a force to Kushk on the Afghan frontier that no one believes it is intended to commence any serious operations in that direction. It cannot however be taken as indicating any effusive friendship and must therefore be watched. There is of course no disturbance either in India or Afghanistan to justify any military measures of the kind. We must assume therefore that Russia is demonstrating for our benefit the fact that she can transport in eight days troops from the Caucasus to Afghanistan and that we may find ourselves embarrassed on the Indian frontier if we are ill advised enough to take umbrage at any action on her part elsewhere. Whatever the faults of the Russian constitution, it has not yet suffered its subjects to be delivered over to Government by the daily press. The incitements of the Russian Foreign Office by the "*Novoe Vremya*" to make profit by our embarrassments will have no effect on an unemotional Chancellerie. The virtuous Boer is praised but starves so far as the official world of Russia is concerned. But that is no reason why we should not carefully observe every move of hers both in the Far East and on the Persian frontier.

After all the economist is probably quite as well worth observation as the diplomatist. The publication of the Budget for the year is an instructive commentary on the Tsar's encomium of his Finance Minister. The latter has piloted his over-freighted bark through the reefs and shoals of famine and dear money with amazing skill. He has had to meet not only an unfavourable

condition of the money market but the constant demands for extraordinary expenditure on the trans-Siberian railroad. Yet he is able to point to a remarkable growth in Russian industries, which have more than trebled in value in twenty years. There has also been a great increase in railway profits during the last five years, taking the place of chronic deficit. Now this is an astonishing record for a country like Russia whose inhabitants have been the least progressive of all peoples and the most wedded to old methods. M. de Witte has consistently pursued a policy of protection against foreign goods and of welcome to foreigners. The stranger who will set up manufactories in Russia is assured of the assistance and encouragement of the Government. Thereby the Russian workman is instructed and roused and the country gradually learns to supply its own wants. It is well known that M. de Witte's recipe for Russia is twenty years of peace. It is not without significance therefore that his financial statement closes with a protest against the general mistrust which prevails as to the stability of international relations. "The alarm would be considerably allayed if the leading circles and public opinion abroad would only become penetrated with the views of the world's policy entertained by the Monarch of 130,000,000 faithful subjects." The London financiers will probably reflect like La Fontaine's crow, "*c'est à nous que ce discours s'adresse.*" No one doubts the sentiments of the monarch but we wonder who seeks to make our flesh creep by sending troops on that long journey to Kushk. Such activity is, to say the least, injudicious when financial equilibrium is to be preserved.

But there are other Russian movements which might give us more cause for genuine alarm. The making of the new road from Euzeli to Kazvin which brings the Caspian within easy reach of Teheran and is the property of a Russian company is a momentous event for Russian commerce. Owing to the effect of the Custom dues this road is practically one for Russian goods alone and it is the only road by which large machinery can be transported to the Persian capital. Russian trade has by now almost secured a monopoly in Northern Persia, while French and Armenians control the growing silk-producing industry. Muscovite enterprise is now reaching out towards the South and it would be well if our merchants paid some attention to Russia's progress in this part of the world. M. de Witte is in every direction making good use of the years of peace, but, if they are to stretch out to the desired twenty his master must keep a firm hand on the more fiery members of the team. The real cause for anxiety is whether the hand is strong enough to bear the strain.

TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE. SEA-STILLNESS.

"Tiefe Stille herrscht im Wasser."

STILLNESS deep the sea is folding;
Motionless extends the main,
Vexed the sailor stands, beholding
Lengths of calm-encompassed plain.

From no side no stir advances;
Awful silence dread as death.
In those vast and far expanses
Not a billow heaves a breath.

FIRST LOSS.

"Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage."

Ah! those days beyond renewing—
Days, the prime of Love and lovely,
Who can bring one instant only
Of those golden days again!
Still my wounds I foster lonely,
Still with sorrow sit, pursuing
Withered bliss and living pain.
Ah! those days beyond renewing
Who can bring them back again!

W. SICHEL.

THE TRAGEDIES OF MONTMARTRE.

IT sometimes happens that a popular chansonnier does not fulfil his evening engagement at Montmartre. "Our distinguished poet and friend is unable to appear," announces the director. "Another will take his place." No one minds much; no one wonders, the entertainment goes on. When the audience has dispersed, and only habitués sit sipping in the cabaret, someone may ask what is wrong with the "distinguished poet and friend." "Énervé," replies the director. No one is surprised; no one is alarmed; the waiter goes round. Many a performance is conducted without the popular chansonnier, and without further announcements from the director. He tells the habitués, however, that their "distinguished poet and friend" is gravely ill. No one is jealous of him, no one speaks harshly of him, when the lights go out. "Pauvre Marcel," says the director a week later. "Pauvre Marcel," repeat the habitués. "Pauvre Marcel," echoes Montmartre when it learns that the popular chansonnier is dead or that he has become insane. Directors, themselves, have passed away suddenly: they, no more than their chansonniers, have been able to withstand the false and feverish atmosphere of the "Butte."

Four years ago, towards eight at night, Salis dined. His chansonniers sat at the same table; journalists often joined them, waiters in black silk stockings served. Old lamps burned dimly: not so dimly but that the "Black Cat" could be seen watching her master from every corner, not so dimly but that row upon row of mocking marks and grotesque puppets caught one's eye, not so dimly but that Salis, himself, might be observed. He was short, and he was slight. He had red hair, and a red beard. His eyes were green, his forehead was wrinkled, his hands were almost transparent and never still. He looked forty, and moved so nervously, spoke so excitedly, that his friends often said: "Maitre, you will go mad." He, raising his glass, would laugh then. Over coffee and cigars the chansonniers read Salis their latest songs to be sung for the first time that night, and Salis would applaud or find fault, add a line here or strike out an entire verse there, call his pupils "veritable Masters" or condemn them as "lazy and lamentable fools." Bocks followed the liqueurs and Salis would swallow two or three, often, feeling depressed, he took as many absinthes. By nine he was more nervous than ever; and, when the lights were turned up and spectators came in, his eyes were wild and his hand shook, but he greeted his guests amiably, and sipped bocks with them, and told them stories feverishly, and addressed foreigners "Monseigneur" and bade them view his "Black Cats" until the entertainment upstairs began. On the ceiling, along the walls, above the old fireplace, over the door black cats crept or crouched, watched or reflected, smiled or sneered. All had yellow eyes and spiky whiskers. All had curly tails. All were the own sons or the daughters, the grandchildren or the great-grandchildren, of the famous Black who, beneath a dull red lamp, had been sitting proudly on a poster outside the cabaret for years. "Le Chat Noir, ses enfants, les petits Chats Noirs," said Salis. "Mes princes, mes princesses," said Salis. "You are in the sweet and sacred abode of the world-renowned 'Black Cat.' Her chansonniers will amuse you. I, myself, will amuse you. You shall depart amused." And the chansonniers sang, sadly or blithely; and shadow-plays were produced, showing politicians and pierrots; and, finally, Salis took possession of the gangway and, strolling up and down, criticised the fall of the government, poked fun at the Grand Duke who had been seen driving with a professional beauty, deplored the tragic act of the notorious demi-mondaine. As he spoke his eyes flashed and his hands twitched; as he went on he hurried up and down the gangway gesticulating wildly, before he was done he had reviewed the latest literary news, theatrical news, scandalous news, and news of the "Butte." At twelve the audience had departed and Salis was exhausted. By half-past twelve he had taken more absinthes or more bocks. At one he was supping with his chansonniers and journalists and friends, drinking deeply, talking wildly, startling them with his mad spirits, nervous movements, amazing wit. They,

often, would say again: "Maître, you will go mad." He, raising his glass, would laugh more loudly than ever then. They, as time went on, warned him. He, almost insane, tried to smother their fears. They, at last, saw that the end was near. He, before long, admitted that he was doomed. And so—Salis went to bed because he was "énervé." And so—the cabaret of the "Black Cat" was conducted by another until her master should get well again. And so—Salis disappeared, the "Black Cat" vanished, suddenly and sadly, for ever and for ever, from the "Butte."

When the poster of the "Black Cat" was taken away, Gabriel Salis in the "Ane Rouge" was perhaps the only man in Montmartre who did not sigh. He and his brother had been bitter enemies throughout their careers. But Gabriel drank too, and was nervous also. Gabriel, from addressing his audience in the same manner as his brother, was soon exhausted. Gabriel, fearing to die like Rodolphe, sold his cabaret to Andhré Joyeux and, according to Joyeux's poster, trotted away on the back of a red ass laden with bags of gold. He trotted into the country, and established himself in a small château. But the change came too suddenly and, also, too late. Soon, Gabriel Salis died. . . . At once proud of his cabaret Joyeux had it painted, decorated and hung with sketches, portraits and caricatures. At once popular, Joyeux was well patronised. Odd characters came to his house: pale poets, disreputable old fellows soiled with smoke and absinthe, mysterious ladies who were anxious to read you their poems, books and plays on the spot. Many a "distinguished poet and friend" appeared here every night. Here, it was customary to call for rounds of applause. Here, it was usual to join in the choruses. Here, it was the invariable practice to present testimonials, flowers and busts to a wizened little madman with gold spectacles and one hard eye. He, believing that such favours could only be bestowed on a genius, expressed his thanks and gratitude with emotion, and Joyeux, mounting a chair, would reply that Montmartre needed no thanks, that it was for Montmartre to do the thanking and that Montmartre begged to be allowed to crown him with a crown of pure white roses. He, bowing his head would receive the wreath, and Joyeux, the pale poets, the disreputable old fellows, the mysterious ladies would shake with merriment. Mad nights! Often Salvation Army girls came in, and sang. Joyeux would sell their papers; Joyeux would hand them sous. Sometimes strangers entered, and were embarrassed. Joyeux would greet them courteously; Joyeux would show them the artistic treasures of the "Red Ass." And he, like Salis, walked to and fro. And he, also, delivered critical speeches. And he, too, was a veritable wit. He, like all Montmartrois, believed that humour in Paris was confined to the Rue des Martyrs and the Place Pigalle. The Montmartrois, he said, was a Bohemian. The Montmartrois was free. The Montmartrois possessed genius. "Aussi fiers que les rois, sont les Montmartrois," was the last line of his favourite and most popular song. But, one night, Joyeux was not able to recite that line. He was upstairs resting, said the waiters. He might only take milk, had been the doctor's orders. He was to have absolute quiet, for he was—"énervé." As he lay upstairs, however, the chansoniers sang, the audience applauded, the Salvation Army girls came in, the wizened little madman was crowned. Joyeux, with only a ceiling between him and the audience, heard everything that went on. Days passed; Joyeux slept. Nights passed; Joyeux heard the music, the applause, the laughter, the cries. When friends went up to see him he would press their hands and embrace them and say he would soon be able to sing them their favourite song again. He was only suffering from dyspepsia, he declared—they, however, said that he looked dangerously ill and that he seemed to be in pain. A week later, a fête day came round and the cabaret of the "Red Ass" was more crowded than ever. It was noisier, too, wilder, madder. The waiters were busy; the chansoniers were encored, neither were able to leave the salle and visit Joyeux. He was sleeping, they hoped, or rejoicing that his cabaret was so crowded. He had only to ring his bell if he needed anything. But—Joyeux needed nothing. Joyeux was dead when the Salvation Army girls came in. Joyeux

was dead when the wizened little madman was being crowned with a wreath of pure white roses. Joyeux was cold when his chansoniers found him lying on the floor hours later with a bullet through his brain.

It is not often that Montmartre discusses these tragedies. Life is short on the "Butte," and the philosophy of its inhabitants is to be mad and merry. New chansoniers will take the place of those departed, new cabarets will spring up when older ones close—why mourn then? why worry? Were Montmartre to grieve over every "light gone out" it would soon become the sorriest of hills and, instead of possessing people "as proud as kings," present the appearance of a crushed and crape-clad community. Occasionally, however, the director and habitués of a cabaret will exchange reminiscences when the entertainment is over and the audience has dispersed. Anecdotes are related, adventures described, in which past favourites played a prominent part. Smoke rises, absinthes turn opal again and again—the director and the habitués smoke and sip far into the night. The waiter goes round; the clock goes round, and dawn comes round. The director and habitués are pale, nervous and exhausted when, saturated with smoke and giddy from absinthe, they totter forth. Workmen pass; the street is being flooded by a gigantic hose. Policemen yawn. The scaffolding of the *Sacré Cœur* rises. The great arms of the red windmill stand out. "Quelle nuit, mon Dieu!" says the director. "Quelle nuit!" repeat the habitués. "I remember just such another with Salis," says the director. "And I with his brother," and "And I with Joyeux," reply the habitués. Then, simultaneously—"Pauvre Rodolphe," "Pauvre Gabriel," "Pauvre Andhré."

LONDON SOUVENIRS.*

THE perusal of the best of the numerous books on London in the past which have been lately issued creates in the mind an agreeable sense of contrast—just such a complacent impression as that derived when, seated in a cosy study by the fire's blaze, of a raw winter's evening, we comfortably compare our own well-being with the unpleasant plights of our fellows compelled to be abroad in the cold and the slush. So, when we contrast the kind of life led in the comparatively small London of a hundred years ago with that of the average inhabitant of the "province covered with houses" of our time, we can fully appreciate the advantages we enjoy over those of even the smartest of the beaux and belles of the days of Sheridan or Byron.

The late Lord Cholmondeley, who died some ten years back, at the ripe age of ninety-three, once declared to the writer that the greatest event of modern times was not the battle of Waterloo or even the accession of Queen Victoria, but the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851, the inaugural ceremony of which is so pleasantly described in Mr. à Beckett's genial "London at the End of the Century." In a certain sense the venerable Marquess, a most intelligent and observant man, was quite right. By inducing thousands to leave their country homes and to visit the Metropolis—travelling in those days was but a new-found delight—the first Exhibition brushed away countless cobwebs, removed innumerable prejudices, and altered our entire social system for the better. It did much, moreover, to stimulate the intellectual sense of the nation and indeed of the entire Anglo-Saxon race, and to improve general taste in art. People saw that the views of life they had hitherto entertained were exceedingly limited and hampered by old-time notions which must be cast aside, if they intended to enter more fully into the spirit of their age. Hence, to quote Lord Cholmondeley again, "civilisation literally radiated from Hyde Park and penetrated into the most remote parts of the kingdom." From that memorable date the progress of the civilised world, and especially of England and of the English-speaking races, has been prodigious.

* "London Souvenirs." By Charles William Heckethorn. London: Chatto and Windus. 1899. 6s.

"London at the End of the Century." By Arthur W. à Beckett. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1900. 3s. 6d.

"Thames-Side and South Suburban Reliques of Old London." By T. R. Way and H. B. Wheatley. London: Bell. 1899. 21s. net.

People did not trouble themselves over-much about the poor and the East End when George was King, and that "baggage, Lucy Southwell that curtsies like a bear, Mrs. Bijean, and the other fine ladies who robbed Jimmy Lumley of money at cards," as Walpole tells us they did, would never have dreamt of "doing a turn" at a Whitechapel Sunday smoking concert for the benefit of 'Arry and 'Arriet. Evolution, however, is already stepping in, and soon there will be no 'Arries and 'Arriets left. Education is transforming them, and 'Arriet is already dropping her plumes and picking up her h's, and 'Arry scarcely ever besports mother-of-pearl buttons down the seams of his "bags." 'Tis sad it should be so, for 'Arry and 'Arriet were in their way picturesque, and now they will only be dowdy and perhaps priggish.

We were at war a hundred years back, and thousands of young men were being sent out to fight the French for King George upon his throne, but who cared for the girls *those* Tommy Atkinses left behind 'em? Queen Charlotte never dreamt of asking them to tea with her at Windsor Castle, as her august granddaughter has done, treating them, too, even as she would her most honoured guests. It was not hardness of heart or thoughtlessness that was at the bottom of this apparent indifference to the sufferings of others, but the gulf which then existed between class and class. Besides, was there not a special war prayer said in all the churches? Surely it was sheer flying in the face of Providence to look after people who were fighting for King and country, and therefore obviously under the special protection of the said Providence, familiarly called "Provvv" by that impenitent old lady Mrs. Pat Boyle. It has taken nearly a hundred years for the Press to drive into people's hearts the seeds of certain home-truths which have at last taken root and are blossoming profusely, so that our fine ladies, even if they do get a good advertisement for themselves and their immediate circle, can scarcely do enough for Tommy Atkins and his belongings. It is the fashion: well, so be it; it is a good fashion!

Even in the matter of religion we are better off than were our forebears. A hundred years ago Society said it believed, but didn't. The churches were nearly empty, but the Dissenting chapels were packed to overflow. The Quakers were flourishing, and still wore their quaint costumes, the Jews kept very quiet, and led their own old-world lives in the East End and troubled West End restaurants and theatres as little as possible. The Roman Catholics were slowly recovering from the shock they had received during the Gordon riots.

We have got it into our heads that Sunday was better observed in the puritanical acceptance of the word three or four generations back than it is now. It was quite otherwise. All the great ladies when the Queen came to the throne, the Duchess of Wellington, the Duchess of Rutland, the Marchioness of Salisbury, the Lady Hyde Parker, the Misses Walpole, had regular card-parties on a Sunday, and there were concerts and receptions all over the town announced with becoming regularity in the "Morning Post." There is no better way to obtain at the least expense of thought and research a fair idea of life in old London, than to read Mr. Heckethorn's amusing and delightful volume "London Souvenirs." It is easy reading and gives a vivid picture of the Metropolis as it was when powder and patches were worn and young men went to balls in pale pink satin and silver lace. The chapter on clubs and gambling is particularly instructive. There were in 1724 in London alone thirty-five well-known gambling houses. Nearly all our most respectable West End clubs were originally gambling houses, as the Cocoa Tree, which is still flourishing as a club at No. 64 St. James' Street. One night late in the last century there was a cast at hazard, the difference of which was £180,000. That present pink of perfection, "White's," was perhaps the most appalling gambling hell in Europe. "The young men of the age," says Walpole, "lose there £10,000, £15,000, £20,000 in an evening." The play at this club was only for rouleaux of £50 each, and generally there was £10,000 in gold on the table. The gamblers began by pulling off their embroidered clothes, and put

on frieze garments, or turned their coats inside out for luck. They put on pieces of leather to save their lace ruffles, and to guard their eyes from the light, and to prevent tumbling their hair, wore high-crowned straw hats with broad brims, and sometimes masks to conceal their emotions. Almack's afterwards was known as the Goose Tree Club—a rather significant name—and Pitt was one of its most constant frequenters, and there met his adherents. Gibbon was also a member, when the club was still Almack's—which, indeed, was the name of its founder and original proprietor.

The worst of our "decadent" novels is as pure as a nursery book in point of decency as compared with some of the tales printed in the "Ladies' Magazine" between 1783 and 1799, in which the interest centres round some abominable case of seduction by a wicked young squire, the fair Amanda or Malvina being nearly always drugged and forced into a London bagnio whilst her Lothario goes in search of fresh victims. If by chance in the end he does marry his Amanda he is previously whitewashed for the ceremony by an appeal to his looks and to his rank—above all to his rank.

How different from that of any of her predecessors is the Court of Queen Victoria, whose children and grandchildren have their hands so full of philanthropic work as to give piquancy to the delightful story told of Princess Louise of Wales, who one day when a girl said to her father, "How pleasant it must have been to have been born in the days when there were no exhibitions and institutions and things to open and shut!" It is the Press that has done it. Little by little, its thousand voices have preached day by day duty between class and class and individual and individual, and now, at the end of the wonderful age that has risen out of the heterogeneous disorder of that eighteenth century whose picturesque and quaint souvenirs are so pleasantly revived by Messrs. T. R. Way and H. B. Wheatley in their volume on "Thames-Side and South Suburban Reliques of Old London," we can look back with some pride on our progress, but not, alas, on our artistic progress, as the turning over of a few pages of Mr. Way's beautiful etchings will soon convince us. The pseudo-Flemish architecture of modern London is a poor thing when compared with the stately Elizabethan, Jacobean and Georgian of a bygone age.

We must not, however, be too hard on our forebears. They at least had elegant manners and a splendid sense of dignity which we lack almost entirely. People a century back were very kind to the poor especially in the country, and hospitable without ostentation to their neighbours. They were great gentlemen and ladies and the past few weeks have shown that their grandsons and great-grandsons are worthy of them. The roll-call of this our latest war teems with names of gallant men and youths who have bled as willingly for England as did their ancestors, of whose familiar names every Englishman is proud. There were good people then as now, but their goodness was developed in another way. The principle was the same, but the practice was different. Our ancestors were not practical, and we are. Elizabeth Fry was the first practical Englishwoman. She set the ball of common-sense philanthropy rolling, and what a lot of good women and men too, have picked it up and thrown it farther since that day, now close upon eighty years ago when Bessie Fry in her quiet Quaker way wrote to Richilda Gurney saying "I think I have done some good." Some good! Great Heavens, we should think so! Look at Hogarth's pictures of Newgate and Bedlam, and contrast them with the order and decency of a modern prison or madhouse, and then you will be able to appreciate the work Elizabeth Fry and her successors have accomplished in less than a century in the names of charity and of a wider comprehension of the teachings of Christ.

We have lately set up in our midst the Golden Calf all too prominently, and a few old-fashioned people may sometimes wonder what Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney's great ladies and gentlemen would say could they but see their descendants squabbling up Mrs. Moses Mosenthal, the latest millionairess's staircase, for the sake of a concert, a supper and a handful of shares in a bogus gold mine. "Old Mother" Mosenthal,

whose father was an acrobat and whose husband turned his first million by swallowing diamonds in South Africa, is quite right to play society queen if society queens will let her. For all that, the beholding of the procession of duchesses and snobesses into her drawing-room is a sorry sight, although, to be sure, the dear old lady did give the other day a certain ducal poodle a hundred pounds for the War Fund. But then why should poor little Mrs. Plantagenet get the cold shoulder simply because her husband allowed himself to be ruined by millionaire Mosenthal, and committed suicide in consequence? We must get rid of the Golden Calf. He is an ugly beast, and a dangerous one, who, when least we expect it, may turn himself into an all-devouring wolf, and do us cruel harm. Off with him!

Possibly some baby born a few days ago will live to see the first year of the twenty-first century—my Lady Carew who was born in 1798 is still living. If he is observant, and has a good memory, he will be able to talk to future generations of us and our ways of life, and they will perchance wonder how we could possibly live in the midst of such barbaric surroundings.

RICHARD DAVEY.

A HARE HUNT.

A FINE clear December morning, with a sharp easterly breeze. Not, perhaps, an ideal wind for hunting, yet the day is so cheerful and the countryside, under the pleasant wintry sun, assumes so fair an aspect, that all assembled at the village meet are in excellent spirits. Cycling across to the trysting place one looks over a wide expanse of marsh pastures, bounded on one hand by the sea, upon the other by a semicircle of low hills, which rise in the far distance. Upon these broad pastures, intersected by deepish dykes, now since the rains well replenished with water, graze prosperous-looking cattle. Their life is a quiet one, they live remote from mankind. A passing cycle or a cart they may see now and again upon the solitary road but as a rule the hare, the heron, the pee-wit, a hawk or two, a few snipe, and wild duck or partridges are their only neighbours. In winter, it is true, they are periodically excited by the doings of the harrier pack met together this morning, and the deep voices of hounds and the twang of the horn become pretty familiar.

Our meet is a small one, for our hounds are hunted on foot; ours is, happily, not a fashionable pack, and as a rule not more than a score or so of us assemble to follow the hare over the marsh country. On the other hand sport is almost invariably good; we have few interruptions from excited ignoramuses, who imagine that every hare they see is the hunted one; and we can enjoy to the full the wonderful pleasure of seeing hounds conducting their own hunting over a wide wild landscape almost unaided.

Now we move from the village to the meadows trending towards the sea and for ten minutes hounds hunt eagerly hither and thither in search of a line. Suddenly comes a quiet holloa from behind. Upon a little eminence amid the bright green pastures stands a man holding his hat in the air. We know his tidings to be unimpeachable and, with a cheery blast from the master's horn, hounds are rapidly trotted back.

With nearly all harrier packs you will discover some one man who has the curious and very useful knack of finding hares. Our "finder" seldom fails us during a day's hunting, and when his hat goes up you may be absolutely certain that we shall have a run. Hare-finding is, in truth, a gift with which only a few men are endowed. This morning, as soon as our friend found his hare, he moved quietly aside as if he had not perceived her. She squeezed a trifle away from him, but did not quit her seat. If his eye had caught hers, she would most probably have jumped up and been away with too long a start. As it was, our judicious friend took care that his eye should not meet hers and edged quietly away. Thus puss was inveigled and lay snugly in her form. But now hounds are within reasonable distance, and the hare-finder thinks it time to put up the quarry. She leaps from her warm seat, and, with springy strides, speeds away as if she would

never halt again. But we all know better. Now hounds are up to the seat she just vacated, and, with a glorious burst of music, the pack opens upon the warm scent. The hare has a fair start and it is quickly evident that she is about to treat us to a ringing chase to start with. If she had jumped up in the middle of the hounds, as not infrequently happens, she might have got such a fright as would have driven her clean away out of her accustomed country, and afforded a good straight run. Now and then, undoubtedly, a view is a capital thing for a pack and increases keenness; on the other hand, if hounds are of foxhound blood and somewhat over-fast for their quarry, or if they are inclined to wildness, it is not always desirable. Ours is a pack of true harrier blood, steady and well conducted, fast enough to kill hares, yet not so fast as to course them to death without a fair hunt. And whether the hare is viewed, or whether, as happens this morning, hounds are laid on after reasonable law is given, it matters usually very little.

It seems to make no difference at all to a hare—unlike the fox—whether she runs up or down wind. To-day our quarry runs fast down wind for half a mile, and then, turning somewhat abruptly, faces the easterly breeze, swings past the outskirts of the village at which we met, races swiftly past the grey and ivied walls of an old ruined castle and an ancient church adjoining, and, hieing to the open marshes, sweeps round presently in a wide ring. Hounds follow briskly but, after executing an almost complete circle and coming back close to the hare's old seat, scent suddenly begins to fail. Who shall explain or account for the mysteries of this most inexplicable of subjects? Just now at times the line seems absolutely to have vanished, and although they are on grass, the staunch hounds can make nothing of it. There seem to be vast gaps in the trail of the hunted hare, as though she had flown and not touched the ground with her feet at all.

However, with patience, we gradually make good the line, and for the second time complete the ring of this circling quarry. Now she has squatted and, after some hunting about, she springs up almost within reach of some of the hounds and bounds down a little grass lane with but a few yards separating her from the leaders of the pack. As she passes us, with ears laid flat to her back, we notice that she is travel-stained and no longer moves with quite her early freedom. She has been running now close on forty minutes and the grim unrelenting chase is beginning to tell its inevitable tale. This time the hare seems to have been thoroughly alarmed at her narrow escape and, abandoning her ringing tactics, she pushes now in a straight line towards the sea. Putting on a tremendous burst of speed she gets well away again from that hateful proximity and presently moves on her way three hundred yards ahead of the clamouring pack.

Curiously enough, scent has marvellously improved again and the chase sweeps hotly across the pastures. Pursuing our course steadily over meadow and dyke, the latter sometimes jumpable, sometimes only to be crossed by aid of a kindly plank, we toil on in rear. At length we near a vast stretch of shingle, four miles long by half a mile broad, recovered by nature centuries ago from the sea which once whelmed it. A notable haunt this of terns and other birds. Over this distressing shingle it is clear the sinking hare has betaken herself in the hope of finally baffling those inexorable pursuers. Vain hope! The pack are close up now; and, as they swing forward over yonder broad gleaming stretch of beach, even there, upon that almost impossible surface for scent, the well-nosed hounds manage somehow to hold the line. Arrived at the middle of this pebbly plain the hare has shot her final bolt and squats once more. The main body of the pack flash past, and for a few minutes are at fault. No so three hounds, Woodman, Bounty and Able, which nose out the quarry, push her up once more, and after a few ineffectual turns seize and kill her. And so, betwixt sea and land, on this strange waste of shoreland this stout hare yields up her life. Two men, at work hard by loading shingle, run up and save the dead quarry from being torn in pieces, and as we footmen come up—there are only four of us at hand—one of the navvies hands the now stiffening

body to the master. Jim, our whip and kennel huntsman, performs the obsequies and with whoo-whoops and a blast or two from the horn the rites are concluded. An excellent run. Time 1 hour 13 minutes.

Quitting the sea, we once more strike for the marshes and in a little while meet the rest of the field. Ten minutes later our pack is racing merrily as ever upon the scent of a fresh-found hare. Again ensues a capital and most interesting hunt of fifty-five minutes, at the end of which, after variously and cleverly manœuvring to shake off the untiring pack, our second hare is run into and killed. Two long and hard runs and a couple of kills are, for a pack hunting seven days a fortnight, quite enough, and although the afternoon is early, we adjourn, well content, to the village inn, where with sandwiches, bread and cheese and divers drinks, we satisfy the pangs of nature. It is a cheery gathering, and, after much conversation upon the events of the morning, and a running accompaniment of hearty laughter, we separate and wend our ways homeward.

THE SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

OF the two hundred pictures which hang in the Grafton Galleries, it happens that those contributed by the two portrait painters of the widest and oldest reputation do indeed distinguish themselves to a degree which is in keeping with the painters' celebrity. They are the work of artists who have felt that the material they employ to represent their sitters is also something in itself, that it is, indeed, something possessing so important a character that, with all the high intentions and good will in the world, they could arrive in their art at no sort of beauty or satisfactory result apart from the sympathy or understanding with which they approach the oil paint awaiting their hand upon the palette. On this side therefore their work distinguishes itself from the many smooth and vague ladies, from the many excellent likenesses of Lord Mayors, judges and generals. A visitor to the gallery will feel the distinction in a very plain and unmistakable way. His regard, which is so inclined to elude the objects he has come to look at, which hesitates rather on the space between any two pictures than concentrates itself upon either the one or the other—his eye will be arrested by the two pictures in question and will find no difficulty in remaining upon them.

With equal readiness will he return to them from another class of paintings represented here in many varieties which still possess a certain original similarity in their unpleasantness. For it is not enough that a painter should feel or have learned that all his art lies as it were locked up in his material. Having arrived at this knowledge, he may still either engage, with more or less obstinacy and experience, in an unequal fight against his recalcitrant oil paint, or submit to the ugliness which that paint offers generously enough. Carolus Duran and Lenbach distinguish themselves in this that they are not at war with their paint, nor, if they have humoured it, have they allowed it to get the upper hand, to run, at any point, out of control and parade itself. If Carolus Duran's "Lady Craven," hot in colour with a curiously dark heat, is not the work of a refined taste, it possesses that power of satisfying which comes when a painter has exhibited the peculiar capacity of his material in the process of doing nothing less, and nothing more, than his sense of form and colour suggest. In the drawing of his famous "Dr. Doellinger," Professor Lenbach has used up with astonishing completeness that restricted palette of ambers and bitumen which he found sufficient for his purpose.

So is Mr. C. H. Shannon entirely at one with his material in his beautiful "Mrs. Chaloner Dowdall." Indeed his hand has never fallen so happily before. His admirable portraits of men have not reached quite this height. Here he would seem to have lighted upon something with which, from beginning to end, he is more naturally in harmony, something which affords him a fuller expression of himself. It would seem that Mr. Shannon's hand and feeling are more in sympathy with what is pretty and gracious. If spontaneous is

an epithet which can hardly be applied to his art, it is certain that there is everywhere in this picture, from the placing of the figure in the canvas, to the painting of a fold upon the sleeve, a happiness which is very near spontaneity. And if the mention of prettiness suggest an unintended limitation of Mr. Shannon's beautiful work, Mr. Walton supplies a corrective. His "Head of a Girl" is of a prettiness which is limited in the extreme. Indeed the picture contains no positive statement of anything at all—it is, like the pretty landscapes which hung in the International Exhibition last summer, little more than a negation of ugliness—of other painters' uglinesses—a rest therefore in a picture gallery, but scarcely existing beside a positive statement of what is attractive. It remonstrates with the work around it, gently, not at all complacent, deprecating rather. There is even a touch of admiration in its surprise at the portrait which hangs above, for instance—the admiration that is felt at the sight of even the least sympathetic effort of courage in a contest where courage goes for so little. Mrs. Deric Hardy has fought hard with her invincible medium and remains at daggers drawn with the enemy. "This effort! This stern and relentless conscience and endeavour! I think it is wonderful! Only it does look so chalky and rugged—so cliffy—when it is done!" The hands of Mr. Walton's picture whisper "no" to the strong painting of Mr. Lavery's hands on the other side of the room; but they hardly extend further to the expression of any charm that the painter has felt. It is the shirking prettiness of a work which, unlike even the easiest, happiest, stroke of a considerable artist, does not belong to the difficult world in which we live. Just as he escapes difficulties into which others fall, so he also abjures the power of moving the spectator, and his pretty head is as dumb, as *nichtssagend* as Mr. Shannon's is eloquent.

Mr. Shannon has felt and said too much in every part of his picture to have left any way open for the charge of bringing in, from somewhere outside, a grace and a dignity which do not yield themselves. The criticism, which meant, perhaps, more than anything else, the critic's fear of giving way too quickly before something that had not long been with him, was not easily formulated, nor would a more definite charge have meant much, at any time, against so serious a workman as Mr. Shannon. To speak, for example, of its Romney derivation disposes almost entirely of Mr. Sholto Douglas's "Miss Johnstone Douglas" in the end gallery. Indeed the picture disposes of itself from its place on the wall, as the expression of a painter who would be relieved of temptations and escape perforce the mistakes which hang round him. In modelling the face in his portrait Mr. Shannon has not lost beauty of touch, nor has he, in order to ensure a pleasant surface and pleasant colour, simplified the task before him in any derived or wilful way. The drawing of the folds on the pretty sleeve is at once free and respectful, with a freedom born of capacity and moved by the painter's tenderness. There is no "pride," to use Ruskin's phraseology, in the folds of Mr. Shannon's silk.

But Mr. Ruskin does not know the pride of paint which has spread abroad in the ever-widening wake of Mr. Sargent. If Mr. Lavery, to take an example, has given in to the universal enemy oil paint (those who remain open enemies to it fight generally with square dry touches), there still are limits to its empire over him. His strong streaks of paint have a tendency to be straight (though they are not so big and straight, and therefore not so strong, as Mr. Alexander Jamieson's in "Marie, La Petite Danseuse"), and this is reserve of a kind. It is left for Mr. Robert Brough to practise, on the canvas which hangs in the large gallery, the curling streaks, streaks which roll and slip away entirely from any purpose whatever, rioting in a vast emptiness. Beside the billows and ribands of paint which here lick round in horrid loops on every side, the assurance even of Mr. Jack's masterly painting shows like modesty. If Mr. Brough ever did struggle to use oil paint, he has long forgotten his defeat and whatever self-respect might cling to so dignified a memory. For here he is waving the enemy's flag. This impression which his exhibition of paint gives—an impression as of glad disloyalty to a universal cause—doubtless explains why it is that the

distaste his ugliness arouses contains something of a moral disapproval. What else is unsatisfactory on the walls may be regretted as reaching this or that degree of artistic error; Mr. Brough's palette-knife cuts into a lower stratum of one's regret.

THE MODERN ORCHESTRA.

I.

MESSRS. AUGENER have sent me within the last fortnight the second volume of Professor Prout's "Orchestra." This volume concludes the series of educational books which the author began many years ago. Before discussing it, I may be permitted a few words on the series in general. It is the only series of the sort in existence, but a more surprising thing is that each volume of it is the best book in existence on its special subject. Lest the learned, or those who wish to be counted amongst the learned, come down heavily on me, let me say at once that for all I know there may be in Chinese or Syrian or some of the languages spoken by the tribes of central Africa, a series of theoretical musical works even more comprehensive in scheme than Mr. Prout's, and much more ably carried out. But there is not in German, French or English a series to compare with his, nor a single volume on Counterpoint, Harmony or any other of Mr. Prout's subjects comparable with one of his volumes. Now this is not only a fact to be proud of; it is, when we consider in what ways Mr. Prout's books are the best, a fact that has a profound significance. It shows that despite the grumblings of many who like myself are called pessimists, things musical in England are really moving. Compare Macfarren's Counterpoint with Prout's. Macfarren first lays down a set of most ridiculous rules and then proceeds to show, by examples, that he could not keep them, that, in fact, he had not a half-penn'orth of the musician in him, and no matter what rules he kept or broke, he could not write four bars of any sort of counterpoint that was not lame if not absolutely broken-backed. Inferring from certain purely arithmetical considerations that a common chord on the mediant must necessarily be harsh, he denied the student the privilege of writing that chord, and immediately proceeded to write things infinitely harsher and more ugly. In truth the chord on the third of the scale is not harsh at all, whereas Macfarren seemed unable to write anything that was not harsh or at best altogether unsatisfactory. In Prout we find none of this nonsense. Mr. Prout takes the academic view of things: he deduces rules from a certain number of the masterpieces and does his best to persuade students to follow those rules. But he is an Academic with his eyes and ears open, not one of the blind and deaf bats. He has always acknowledged the right of anyone to do anything in art, so long as the effect justifies the means taken to arrive at it. That is to say, he is no more a real Academic than I am. He happens to have been born in a certain circle, the Academic circle, and he has always retained a certain number of the prejudices of that circle. But his prejudices have never hardened into convictions as they did with Macfarren. He would never venture to face me and tell me that I must not write this, that or the other, because it was "wrong." He might say he did not like it, but he would admit that I had a full right to write it, and he would listen to it before he said he did not like it. The tremendous advance that has been made is obvious when one remembers that Macfarren would not only have refused to listen to it, but would have said it was "wrong" (that is, supposing it to have broken one of his rules), and that he did not propose to damage the fine taste that assisted him to produce such a masterpiece as "King David" by listening to it. No one who takes the trouble to consider carefully the old order as represented by Macfarren and the new order as represented by Prout, will deny for a moment that Mr. Prout has been an enormous influence for good nor deny the advance that English music has made in less than fifty years. It is what might be called an underground movement; or rather, it is like a current that flows through the depths and not on the surface

of a seemingly stagnant sea. But it will make its effect felt in time. I am dead against the clamour for "something new"; but it is quite obvious that whatever native originality a man might possess was likely to be crushed if, during all the period of his training, during the very time when the tissues of the brain were hardening fast enough without outside assistance, he was strictly forbidden to write anything that he felt, but only strings of notes that in no way broke the laws of the omnipotent Macfarren. All the students of the Royal Academy during Macfarren's reign were hampered in this way; and we know what a particularly brilliant set they were. The old rules of counterpoint were not a whit less ridiculous than the old Mastersingers' rules laid down by David for Walther in the first act of the "Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Mr. Prout, speaking from the Academic side, by no means consents to their total abolition; but he abolishes many of them, and these are, thank goodness, the most stupid. In ten years another batch will be ruthlessly executed, and so the process will go on until music is hampered by the rules of harmony and counterpoint no more than painting is hampered by the laws of perspective. Meanwhile one must feel sincerely grateful to Mr. Prout for having gone so far.

So much for the series: now for the second volume of the "Orchestra." It is more than a year since I reviewed the first volume here. That volume dealt with the technique of the instruments. Here we are concerned only with all the common combinations of the instruments. I say "common combinations" because every day sees the invention of new combinations, every day someone gives a fresh shake to the orchestral kaleidoscope. It is part of the business of a composer to invent novel combinations, and if Mr. Prout could have dealt with them all he would have cut off from their chances of fame the brilliant young men of this time and of the time to come. It follows that this book steps, so to speak, out of the series to which it belongs. It is not so much a text-book as a set of essays—enthusiastic, suggestive, full of insight, full of a certain quality of imagination, and showing a keen sense of the beauty of instrumental colour—on what may be achieved with the different sections of the orchestra and by various combinations of those sections and of single instruments. Suggestive is the word I would especially apply to the volume; and suggestive is, I fancy, the word that Mr. Prout would wish to have applied to it. It is not an instruction book. All the instruction that could be given was given in the first volume. Here are only directions for finding the best roads that lead to a mastery of the art of orchestration. The stringed orchestra is first considered, and after that the treatment of wind instruments, the small orchestra (the orchestra chiefly used by Haydn and Mozart), balance of tone, contrast and colour, the combination of organ with the orchestra, orchestral accompaniment, arranging for an orchestra, scoring for incomplete orchestras (the commonest kind of orchestras in this country), and chamber music. With regard to each of these subjects Mr. Prout has a great number of pertinent remarks to make, and while a careful reading of the chapters can do no one any harm, it may do some a fair amount of good. I especially recommend a course of Prout to Professor — before he scores his next festival oratorio. There are a few points on which I wish Mr. Prout had spoken differently. For instance, why has he not told the truth about that terrible combination the piano and orchestra? Merely because the great masters wrote concertos for piano and orchestra, we go on writing them, and thinking them very fine. The truth is that with the huge modern clanking piano, necessary to compete with the huge modern orchestra, they are abominable. Some of the concertos of Mozart and Beethoven, played on pianos of the kind they were written for, accompanied by orchestras of the size and proportions Mozart and Beethoven had in mind, would be fine. But the concertos of Mendelssohn, Brahms and Grieg are merely ineffective, while Schumann's A minor happens to come out well simply because, to make a paradoxical sort of statement, Schumann did not know how to write for the orchestra. Mr. Prout's other heresy is with regard to the organ. He quotes Berlioz as

follows: "It is doubtless possible to blend the organ with the divers constituent elements of the orchestra; and it has even been many times done; but it is strangely derogatory to the majestic instrument to reduce it to this secondary condition. . . . There seems to exist between these two powers a secret antipathy. The Organ and the Orchestra are both Kings; or rather, one is Emperor, the other, Pope; their mission is not the same, their interests are too vast, and too diverse, to be confounded together." Now Berlioz was not always, nor indeed often, right; but here he is absolutely right; and I am amazed to find Mr. Prout saying that Berlioz "failed to see the many possibilities offered by the combination of the 'Emperor' and the 'Pope.'" There are no noble possibilities whatever. As a means of increasing a huge mass of tone in a grand chorus, the organ is useful; as used by Handel or Bach it is grandiose; but there has never been a great and glorious piece of music written for organ and the modern orchestra. The examples Mr. Prout gives show this quite plainly. The organ absolutely refuses to have any dealings with the full-grown orchestra. When every other means fails of showing its discontent, it resolutely goes out of tune; and before it has got out of tune, its tone, instead of blending with the flood of orchestral tone, floats about, separate, distinct, like a sodden log in a fast flowing river. The least bad use of it is that made by Handel, where the orchestra is very small and merely forms an accompaniment. There are other points of difference between Mr. Prout and myself; but these I must leave until next week, when I shall deal with the orchestra as it actually is to-day, and as it is becoming, as in contradistinction to the "classical" orchestra which Mr. Prout assumes.

A circular from a Purcell Operatic Society has reached me. I have no room to say anything about it now, beyond this: that I strongly recommend everyone to have nothing whatever to do with it; and my reasons for offering this advice will be given later on.

J. F. R.

AT "HER MAJESTY'S."

SURELY, Shakespeare never achieved anything more perfect than the "Midsummer Night's Dream." He, the weaver of wonderful brocades, not even in the noblest of his designs, the most gorgeous or sombre, the most illustriously inlaid and weighed down with jewels, ever fashioned anything whose splendour one would exchange for the fragrance of this idly-woven chaplet of little wildflowers. Idly-woven! That is the secret of its charm. The great poet never so absolutely reveals himself as in those idle moments when, laying aside the grand manner, he lolls, forgets, laughs. Smaller men may assume the grand manner, cheating us with high sounds and tremendous flourishes; it is when they come out of the giant's mantle that we see how small they are. It is when Shakespeare doffs his mantle that we see the giant's limbs, the giant rejoicing in his strength, and performing prodigious feats because he cannot help performing them. Yes! The "Midsummer Night's Dream" is the most impressive of all Shakespeare's works, because it was idly done, because it was a mere overflow of genius, a paragon thrown off by Shakespeare as lightly as a modern author would write an article on International Copyright for an American magazine. It is the most impressive of all the plays, and the loveliest, and the most lovable. I do not wonder that Mr. Beerbohm Tree determined to lay hands on it.

This adventure of his was beset with many dangers, and he is to be congratulated on having evaded them. To produce "Julius Cæsar" was comparatively safe and easy. The play was full of human drama, which had but to be acted for all it was worth to please everyone. "King John" was more difficult, for it was a dull play, into which humanity had to be foisted by the actors, and it was full of voids which had to be filled up with spectacular effects. But even "King John" was an easy matter in comparison with the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Of the three separate elements in the play, the fairy element is, of course, the dominating one. The scenes of the clowns and the scenes of the lovers

might be done ill without spoiling the play. But the scenes of the fairies must be done well at all costs. There must be the illusion of fairies, illusion of a true dream. And this kind of delicate illusion is hard to produce through the definite and concrete means of the stage, and may be easily destroyed by them. A poet's words, as you read them, will illude you with certain images. But those very images, materialised, may dispel all illusion. Material equivalents for the images made by words are very dangerous things to handle. They must be "prepared" very cunningly. They must be made faint and mysterious. You remember Pater's gentle rebuke to "painters who forget that the words of a poet, which only feebly present an image to the mind, must be lowered in key when translated into visible form." You remember, too, Fuseli's picture of "Titania and Bottom" in the National Gallery. That picture is a good illustration of Pater's meaning, because it is so very bad an illustration of Shakespeare's. In it all the glamour of the wood near Athens is dispelled. Even the bad light it hangs in fails to imbue it with aught of the mystery it needs. The big fairies look like pupil-teachers, and the little fairies look like freaks in a dime-museum, and Titania looks merely improper. Yet Fuseli, I think, failed less utterly than would any living painter whose work is known to me. And, if it is so hard for a painter, working in two dimensions, not to affront one's imagination, how much harder must it be for the producer of a play, working in three, with solid, live media of flesh and blood! How much greater the trouble and finer the tact, when so much more lowering and mystifying of the tone is needed! I did not suppose it possible that my imagination would not be at every turn affronted in Her Majesty's (and, since Fate has prejudiced me in Mr. Tree's favour, I was wondering how I should manage to let him down easily without being altogether dishonest to myself). But my forecast was quite wrong. The production was charming. Though now and again, of course, something or other came out of key, I found myself really and truly illuded by the Wood near Athens. All the little fairies there gambolled in a spontaneous and elfin way; the tuition of them had been carried so far as to make us forget that they were real children, licensed by a Magistrate, and that "at break of day" they were going to meet, not Oberon, but a certificated Board School teacher. They were dressed like fairies, behaved like fairies—in fact, *were* fairies, for me. The music to which they were dancing seemed, not to have been incidentally composed by Mendelssohn, but to be the music of the birds in the enchanted wood. Oberon, too, *was* the King of the Fairies, not Miss Julia Neilson; nor did Titania strike me as being Mrs. Tree. Nor did I notice Mr. Hawes Craven lurking in the bosky shadows of the trees. The only real person who came on to disturb me was Miss Louie Freear. At other times, I have been very glad to see her; but, on this occasion, I resented her presence, especially as it entailed the absence of Puck—dear Puck, whom I really did want to see. Mr. Robert Buchanan in these pages once declared himself to be a fairy, and perhaps Miss Freear will be writing to protest that she too is of that engaging race, and so had a right to be in the wood. But, fairy or no fairy, Miss Freear struck a false note whenever she appeared, and I think that Mr. Robert Buchanan would have given a far better performance of the part. He, at least, would have shown some sense of the poetry he had to speak. Miss Freear showed none. However, she was the only discordant person in the wood. The others seemed to "belong there."

I suppose that Mr. Sidney Lee would not praise the production so warmly as I. In the elaboration of the woodland scenery he would see a further pandering to the lamentable decay of the imaginative faculty in modern audiences. But the brief performance of "Pyramus and Thisbe" would be after his own heart. When Quince comes on, bearing a board with the inscription "This is a wood," Mr. Sidney Lee, I can well imagine, would cease to frown and would settle down comfortably to enjoy himself. He would see, in his mind's eye, without any effort, a lovely wood ready-grown upon the stage. Even so, according to him, could the Elizabethans see things. But could they? And, if

they could, must not there have been, even in those spacious days, a certain effort, a certain strain of the visual organs, the making of which must have distracted their attention from the play? Mr. Sidney Lee appears to be distracted only by the actual sight of scenery. But why should he be? Surely, if the scenery is well done—that is, kept in the same relation to the figures of the players as real surroundings bear to persons in real life—there need be no distraction of the kind. If the play is good, and well acted, such scenery cannot be intrusive. On the other hand, bad or skimpy scenery is bound to bother one. It bothered the Elizabethans less than us, because they were accustomed to it. Doubtless, too, good modern scenery would be distracting (at first) to a resurrected Elizabethan, because he would never have seen anything like it. Hansom cabs and bicycles would also puzzle him. But it does not follow that, because modes of locomotion were few and primitive in his day, hansoms and bicycles ought to be abolished. They save us a great deal of time and trouble. Nor have they produced decay in our faculty of walking, though there are many occasions when they are more useful to us than our unaided feet. Even so the developments in modern scenery, which are but a means of quickening dramatic illusion, do not signify that the imagination of the race has been decaying. When the average Victorian reads the "Midsummer Night's Dream" he sees, I am sure, quite as much of a wood as was seen by the average Elizabethan. But reading a play and seeing it acted are two different things. In reading a play, you have to imagine the characters. When you see it acted, the characters are there, as large as life, before your very eyes. Surely, their surroundings ought to be there too. You must imagine either everything or nothing. The only justification for no scenery would be invisible mimes. If the Elizabethans were so imaginative as Mr. Lee supposes, why did they want to see their mimes? The fact that they did want to see them suggests that they did not see scenery which was not there. However, I am quite willing to believe that Mr. Lee has the faculty which he attributes to them. My contention is merely that no one else has it. And that is his contention, too. So all is well.

MAX.

INSURANCE.

SCARCELY a week goes by without some insurance company or other producing some new kind of fancy policy, each of which, if we may believe the statements in these multitudinous leaflets, presents more valuable features to the assured than any scheme previously invented. In all cases these fancy policies are combinations of two or three perfectly familiar plans, and it frequently happens that when the new schemes are analysed one or some of their constituent parts are of an unattractive nature.

We may appropriately take for our first exercise in analysis the tontine policies which so many offices, English and American, now issue. The usual plan is to charge about an average rate of premium, and in the event of death within the tontine period, to pay only the face value of the policy. If the assured survive the tontine period he receives a bonus that is larger than it would have been if he had taken his profits annually, or, what amounts to much the same thing, taken them every five years with an intermediate bonus in the event of death between one valuation and the next. The premium on a tontine policy consists of two parts; one part buys insurance for the face value of the policy, the other part buys the right to a bonus at the end of a tontine period, say at the end of twenty years. Taking the case of a man aged thirty-five we find that he could get a non-participating policy for £100 for a payment of £2 3s. 5d. per annum. By paying an extra 10s. 9d. a year he obtains the right to participate in profits at the end of twenty years; if he dies within the tontine period his assurance has cost him about 25 per cent. more than it need have, since the premium for the participating policy would have purchased non-profit assurance for £125.

It is clear that the two parts of the with-profit premium are paid for diametrically opposite purposes. The £2 3s. 5d. buys real life assurance; it may be considered as a bet in favour of dying soon; in other words a process of gambling is employed to avoid the position of financial uncertainty resulting from the uncertainty as to the time at which death will occur. The essential characteristic of gambling is the exchange of a position of certainty for a position of uncertainty, and as the time at which we shall die is uncertain we are all in the position of gamblers. By means of life assurance we are able to "hedge," and, as we have just said, employ the process of gambling to escape from the position of gamblers, to exchange financial uncertainty for financial certainty.

The other part of the premium, the 10s. 9d. that is paid for the right to a bonus at the end of twenty years, is a bet in favour of living long, and no man would back his own life in this way if he did not feel fairly certain of surviving to the end of the tontine period. For a space of twenty years the policy-holder foregoes the certainty of 10s. 9d. a year in return for the uncertainty of a bonus twenty years hence. This, therefore, is pure gambling, which is the exact opposite of life assurance. Stating the matter in another way, the payment of an extra premium in order to obtain the right to share in tontine bonuses is really the purchase of a pure endowment, which gives nothing in the event of death within twenty years while promising at the end of that time a benefit of quite uncertain value. Out of 100 men of the age of thirty-five only about 77 will be alive twenty years hence, while an even larger proportion are practically certain to lapse their policies for one reason or another. If a policy-holder thinks the benefit he will obtain is so great as to make it worth while to run the risk of paying something for nothing, and if he is disposed to invest one part of his premium on exactly the opposite principle to that on which he invests the other part, if, that is to say, he wishes to do a pure gamble, no one has any right to object, but it should be clearly recognised that tontine assurance is a contradiction in terms. The premium invested in paying for the face value of the policy is real assurance; the premium invested in paying for the right to tontine profits is real gambling; it is money invested in the purchase of a pure endowment, which however useful as a provision for children, is not a policy that any man in his senses would purchase for himself, except for some very special reason. We think if people clearly see the real nature of tontine policies they will be less disposed to take them than they frequently are. The money paid for the right to tontine profits is gambling pure and simple and not life assurance at all.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Queen Anne's Mansions, 17 January, 1900

SIR,—I have read Mr. L. Haden Guest's lengthy letter on the "Paolo and Francesca" of Mr. Stephen Phillips with interest, for it seems to me to express clearly and cleverly what I am sure many modern critics think of poetry in general and of Mr. Phillips' highly praised poetic drama in particular.

According to Mr. Guest Mr. Phillips and his enthusiastic admirers (of whom I declare myself to be one) are lagging behind in the race of modern progressive science. He and other makers of song, Mr. Guest thinks, must positively cease to sing of "old unhappy far-off things." To be sure Shakespeare has done it and Spenser and Milton and Browning and Tennyson and a whole host of great poets from Homer downwards; but it seems that they are all in the wrong. Mr. Guest forbids them, in the name of modern science and psychological progress to write another line in this vein. The scientific singer of the future, must, according to him, leave the paths of old poetry and "chant the war of stars, the songs of nebulae, the vaster humanity, the vaster world revealed by science."

If the new poet soar to the heights, he must also sink to the depths, for Mr. Guest says "The poet must grapple with underground railways, crowded public-houses, with vast neighbourhoods inhabited by jabbering human beasts, with A.B.C. restaurants, the Stock Exchange, with parti-coloured Whitechapel High Street, the ranting daily papers, telephones, Crouch End, Atlas omnibuses, Olympia, Parliament, the Yiddish group of anarchists, the whole pell mell of our modern life."

More difficult still, to all these things he must "assign their cosmic significance." Very well. Let us be modern and progressive. Let us grapple with these ugly but vital realities carefully assigning to each its cosmic significance. After all this Mr. Guest surely shows a curious inconsistency by saying that Mr. Phillips' story of "Paola and Francesca" cannot be told by a true scientific modern poet of to-day. In the first place the elder brother in that play would have to be changed into a personage in modern life, and he suggests, among other possibilities, that he might be a City man and a Director of the "Butchers Trust," and that would never do, he says. Pray why not? All the easier surely would be the task of the modern scientific poet-dramatist of getting into his dialogue all those vital actualities which Mr. Guest so presses him to grapple with. Why should this change to modern life not be made and the story told? It is a good and pathetic story. Does Mr. Guest lack the courage of his iconoclastic opinions? Does his zeal for science and the realities break down so early? Is his preaching then not to be the poet's practice?

In fairness and consistency it should be. If the new scientific dogma is sound here must be its fruit; a transposition of Mr. Phillips' beautiful old-world drama into something like what follows: I have taken Mr. Guest's advice as to the chief characters and, to be quite sure of our scientific critic's approval, the whole catalogue of actualities, as recommended by him, has been brought into this dialogue.

SCENE: A VILLA IN TOOTING.

Mrs. John Smith née Francesca da Rimini.

Mr. Paul Smith her brother-in-law.

(Mrs. John Smith reads a telegram from her husband a broker in the City.)

There is a rise of two and one-sixteenth
In "Butchers Trust." I come by "Underground."
Passing "the Crowded Public-Houses" by
Unvisited, and all the haunts untrod
"Inhabited by jabbering human beasts,"
Once so beloved, to seek thy presence, dear.
What pleasure now affords the "A.B.C."
The "Mutoscope," the "Tape," the "Telephone,"
Or "Particoloured High Street Whitechapel,"
The "Ranting Dailies," "Change" or "Tele-
graph"?
"The Halls," "Fair Women," "Hampstead Tea
parties,"
E'en "Clapham Chapel," the Atlas omnibus
Yield joy no longer; and what signifies
The "Yiddish Anarchist" to one who loves?
Or what the "Whole Pell Mell of Modern Life"?
For thee Francesca, I do sacrifice
All, all I loved of old!

Paul (who has listened with ill-disguised contempt).

"Tis true, all this

Is dear to the scientific muse,
But, Frances, there are higher themes than these.
The chemist's mortar and his crucibles,
The circle and right-angled triangles
By geometrician traced, and last not least,
The astronomer's abstruse arithmetic,
"Wars of the stars and songs of nebulae,"
Things fraught with cosmical significance.
Let who will sing of various joys forborne,
Olympia, Music-halls, the Mutoscope,
The rise and fall of shares, High Street in White-
chapel,
My song than his is higher!

Mrs. Smith. And both how very sweet!

Will this please the poet-scientist? It ought to, but

I doubt it. He will probably say it is doggerel and that the great poetic genius of the future will know how to touch the Music Halls, the "Atlas Omnibus" and the "A.B.C. Shop" and to exalt these various topics. Well, that remains to be proved. No great poetic genius, in any age since the world began, has ever attempted such a feat. This leads to a point which has forced itself upon me in reading Mr. Guest's very able letter; i.e. that the poetic and the scientific temperament are not often conjoined in the same individual and that a man, who is not a poet, sometimes finds it difficult to travel into the province occupied by poetry, and sometimes does not even grasp where that province begins and where it ends.

OSWALD CRAWFORD.

THE "ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Graaff Reinets, Cape Colony, 21 December, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—The "absent-minded beggar" is arriving out here both in the flesh and the song. I deeply regretted to see that miserable production (the song I mean) in the windows of a music shop in this town showing that the author and publishers have an eye to the commercial side of the matter, even amid the din of war. Is it not time that someone should enter a protest against Kipling's continued degradation of the soldiers of the Queen? There is neither sense nor sentiment in the song. But the jingle of the phrase "absent-minded" caught on to the "gin-nosed" muse of the rhymester of the British army, and, though it is in every sense absurd and inapplicable, was at once annexed and utilised. I confess that out here, just on the edge of the scene of action, the production jars cruelly on the nerves. Have we no better terms for our brave soldiers than these two, "absent-minded" and "beggar"? Believe me that neither is the type of man we want out here at all. We want for the defence of British interests in South Africa neither "absent-minded" people nor "beggars." But really this comes from the unlimited indulgence and license allowed by the critics and reviewers to this, to my mind, the most vulgar of all our modern rhymesters. In his "Barrack Room Ballads" he gives us the standards of morality and intelligence which, according to him (perhaps he knows), dominate the British army. He pursues Tommy into all his weaknesses and vices, and makes jingling rhymes about them all. According to Kipling the British soldier is an insensate debauchee, a drunkard, and a mere human machine, to be moved about and destroyed at will by a Government that treats him like "a little whipped dog." The picture is disgusting and disheartening did not many of us happily know it to be utterly untrue. As a journalist I have been stationed in garrison towns in Ireland and I had ample opportunities of judging of the conduct and morality of the Irish regiments. I emphatically and indignantly repudiate on behalf of these regiments the low moral, and social, and intellectual standards that Kipling has set up for them. I have known and can vouch for the fact that very many of the non-commissioned officers and even privates in these regiments lead lives of sterling worth and morality that may well compare with the best among civilians, and that are as far above the moral and intellectual Kipling standards as the philosophy of Shakespeare is above his "gin-nosed muse." There is not another nation in the world whose army has suffered so much from a vulgar rhymester. Can we wonder that the Boers out here regard the whole British army as vitiated by disease as stated in the Boer letter addressed to the "Times"? that owing to their debauchery and drunkenness they are a foe that cannot withstand the rigours of a campaign; that the Bible-reading Dutchmen's superior moral stamina can easily face? I do not speak of the officers of the British army. It is evident that Kipling eliminated them from his idea of "Tommy Atkins" in his original writings; but I am greatly surprised that the protests and repudiations on the part of military men have not been very much more numerous than they have been. But to my mind the worst feature of Kipling's muse is the astounding way in which he not

only exploits the worst slips and falls of the soldier from the moral code, but actually attempts to excuse, nay, to glorify them.

People say, "Oh! these are only soldiers' rhymes, you must not take them seriously." But unfortunately poems have become the vade mecum of every young soldier: worse still they are the favourite reading of every civilian youngster. They are learned by heart; they are spread so far and so deep that it would be utterly impossible to overtake the moral effects that they have already produced. Their popularity is extreme, for no writer will be ever so popular as the one who excuses and glosses over our vices. Not many miles from where I write there are brave fellows daily doing deeds of heroism and valour, offering up their lives for the sake of those who prefer a safer calling at home. Have we no better epithets for them than these? Can we not devise something more elevating, more sane, more inspiring, more true? Lying on the parched veldt of the African soil they look up confidently to a merciful Creator, before whom they have done their duty, and their last sob is consecrated to mother, or sister, or wife. Surely such men are worthy of a better judgment as well as a better poet.

Yours, &c.

J. F. COMERFORD, M.I.J.

WAR RISKS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sun Life Assurance Society,
Threadneedle Street, E.C., 15 January, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—I have now pleasure in giving you the information you ask for in your article on Insurance War Risks.

(a) The Society's policies issued to civilians are, except in special cases, "world-wide and unconditional" from their commencement. No extra premiums are therefore being charged to Volunteers who, being previously assured, are now proceeding on foreign service.

(b) The scheme for new policies on the lives of Volunteers was not extended to include professional military men but was devised to meet the contention that the Yeomanry and Volunteers would probably be exposed to less risk than the Regulars whereas they were being charged the same rate of extra premium. In the event of this contention being borne out the inclusion of the Regulars would have destroyed the value of the scheme to the Volunteers.

Yours faithfully,

C. LINNELL,
General Manager.

SELBORNE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hastings, 8 January, 1900.

SIR,—In your delightful article on Mr. Grant Allen's re-issue of "White's Selborne," you remark: "Every reader of the best book of natural history in the language is eager to see the spot for himself." That had been my care for more than twenty years when, three years ago, I found myself at Hindhead, close to where poor Grant Allen used to reside. I made the pilgrimage to Selborne thence, and the day is one which will remain with me for evermore—a day marked with a white stone in the halls of memory. Sweeping down the magnificent Portsmouth Road, past the "Seven Thorns," and through the village-town of Liphook, through winding lanes, shaded by the cool beech, across the famed Woolmer Forest, and onward through Greatham, one is borne across Blackmoor, where is the ancestral seat of the Palmers, and past the Selborne memorial church, which stands well and has a commanding square tower. More winding lanes, where the hedges overtop the traveller, and the golden hops sparkle in the sunlight, and you are in Selborne almost before you know it; Selborne, where Gilbert White was born in 1720, where he lived the greater part of his life, and where he died at the age of 73. Cobbett speaks of Selborne in his "Rural Rides" published in 1823: "A straggling, irregular street, bearing all the marks of great antiquity, and showing

from its lanes and its vicinage generally, that it was once a very considerable place."

To me, the church, and more particularly the churchyard, had a special attraction. The latter is beautifully situated, but you will not find Gilbert White's grave without a good deal of searching, for it is humble and lowly like the man himself. Only a rude slab marks it, and that is all but hidden by the rank grass; and the simple inscription is all but obliterated by the spreading lichen. This is all:—

G. W.
26th June,
1793.

But it is enough for the reverent and simple-minded student of Nature, whose single recorded boast was, as you so happily put it, that he was born and bred a gentleman, and hoped to be allowed to die such.

Your obedient servant,

R. W. J.

SPOILING OUR SOLDIERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bristol, 16 January, 1900.

SIR,—From the style of his contribution to your issue of 13 January, Mr. Oswald Crawford appears to be one of the happiest of optimists. Far be it from me to deprecate so inspired and inspiring a state of consciousness, or to cast a doubt on the superior quality of my countrymen the British in regard to moral and vital stamina; or to say that in view of the arduous circumstances with which our soldiers have had to contend in South Africa, their seeming reverses are other than splendid achievements. As, however, Mr. Crawford attributes the incomparable successes for which he contends, to the inoculation of our troops with typhoid serum, it is not surprising that he apostrophises science as "a wonderful thing!" But does not Mr. Crawford detract somewhat from his own position in this connexion, by his subsequent remark that "at the same time he must admit that a plain man might doubt whether the serum had anything to do with the fine fighting of our soldiers in South Africa, for he will easily remember many glorious victories won in other countries by these very soldiers and their ancestors without any help at all from typhoid serum"? Is not this a direct questioning of his own previous claim for the serum enchantment? There are probably many of those plain men from the category of which Mr. Crawford demonstrates that his own unbounded faith in science excludes him, who will ascribe the splendid achievements of our troops in the South African war, to British breed and mettle maugre inoculation with typhoid serum; and whose British logic will lead them to doubt whether even greater and better results might not have been attained by them but for the interference of that affected science of serum inoculation which it seems from the authority of its most eminent advocates, is not in a position to render a reason for its own impositions. It would be interesting to have from such a whole-souled devotee of science as Mr. Crawford, any shadow of logical ground he can advance for subjecting our soldiers to the discomfort and deterioration of injection with typhoid serum, the prophylactic efficacy of which is admitted to be improved? If ever there was a case in which the post hoc, ergo propter hoc argument advanced by Mr. Crawford is an obviously groundless assumption, it is in his attribution of British superiority to the mummery of serotherapy.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

MAURICE L. JOHNSON.

NOT SYDNEY SMITH'S DICTUM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 January, 1900.

SIR,—In your capital article on "The Case of the Cape Dutch" you say:—

"To employ Sydney Smith's dictum, we can as little expect to soothe the degenerate Dutch of the Cape by petting them as to please the Dean and Chapter of S. Paul's by stroking the dome."

Will you permit me to point out that the dictum is

not Sydney Smith's? In Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary," recently published by Murray (vol. ii., page 260) you will find under date July 1879:—

"The Breakfast Club met at Henry Cowper's. Pollock (Sir F.) told us that it was he, and not Sydney Smith, who said to the child who was patting the tortoise, 'You might as well stroke the dome of S. Paul's by way of pleasing the Dean and Chapter.' Pollock first put about the story, under the name of his father, the Lord Chief Baron, but it was really his own. The child was his brother George."

In Lady Holland's delightful memoir of her father the story is related as follows:—

"We were all assembled to look at a turtle that had been sent to the house of a friend, when a child of the party stooped down and began eagerly stroking the shell of the turtle. 'Why are you doing that B—?' said my father. 'Oh, to please the turtle.' 'Why, child, you might as well stroke the dome of S. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter.'"

Upon the inclusion of the story in Lady Holland's book is founded the belief that the joke was Sydney Smith's. But Lady Holland does not vouch for its accuracy. She included it among "Some little fragments of my father's conversation in London, collected from various sources."—Yours obediently, S.

NEW LIGHT ON THE FORBIDDEN SUBJECT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I would not arrogate to myself any great merit for my discovery. Almost anyone could have made it. It is merely the effect of bringing to the question a fresh, a virgin mind.

On returning to England last week from a small place where English papers cannot be seen, I took up your REVIEW for 6 January and gathered from your discreet allusions the nature of the question which, it appears, has been dividing the country into two hostile camps. As Matthew Arnold used to advise I began letting my thoughts play lightly and freely about it. All at once it flashed upon me. You are all wrong. The German Emperor is wrong. His opponents are wrong. The new century did not begin in 1900. It will not begin in 1901.

Let us clear our minds of confusion. To know when a definite period ends we need simply to fix when it begins. Everyone knows what is the event we count from. When did it occur?

I accept, of course, the traditional date of that event though I have a vague notion that every schoolboy knows that it really happened some time earlier (or later). But I put that aside. I do not hit below the belt.

There are then three conceivable dates—the year 1 B.C., the year 0 (if any), and the year 1 A.D. The first would be a contradiction in terms. There never was a year 0, or if there was it is certain that nothing happened in it. Therefore it was the year 1 A.D. What time of the year? Tradition answers "Christmas Day." One year from then brings us to the end of A.D. 2. Two years from then to the end of A.D. 3, and so on. 1900 years from then brings us to the end of A.D. 1901. Therefore the twentieth century begins in 1902.

Put thus the question admits no more of dispute than does a proposition of Euclid. I do not fear refutation but it pains me to think that people should regard this as a merely verbal or formal dispute. Is it nothing to have shown that the new century need no longer rise in blood but may yet usher in an age of peace and civilisation, when the giant form of the Hero as Financier, with one foot at Cairo and the other at the Cape, shall bestride the narrowed continent like a Colossus, straddling goodhumouredly above the triumphal arch of our Lilliputian army? If the nation was once shaken to its depths by the subtraction of eleven days from its calendar, what blessing may we not expect from the addition to it of a whole year? Still as I said I make no merit of the discovery for after all I owe it perhaps only to the demerit of being unfortunately

AN INCONSTANT READER.

REVIEWS.

WELLINGTON.

"The Life of Wellington." By the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low. 1899. 36s. net.

"Words on Wellington." By Sir Wm. Fraser, Bart. Nimmo. 1900.

IN the midst of a great war it is profitable to read the life of a great soldier. There used to be an idea prevalent in the British Army that military history and biography were somewhat futile studies for a commander of troops. Wellington was not of this opinion. Like Napoleon he was an industrious reader, and he followed with closeness and attention the wars of his predecessors. He knew that, amid all the changes produced by the invention of new weapons and new methods, the fundamental principles of warfare remain the same from age to age. There are certain constant quantities to be reckoned with, whether the scene of the campaign be laid in Greece or in South Africa, on the Ganges or the Vistula. The chief of these is the nature of that remarkable fighting animal, Man, whose traits, characteristics and peculiarities, especially as they are modified by danger, discipline, victory and defeat, it is the first duty of a general to study. Wellington understood this thoroughly. When he joined the 73rd regiment, as a fashionable young ensign of eighteen, he had one of the privates weighed, first in his clothes only, and then in heavy marching order, so as to ascertain what was expected of a soldier on service. When, long afterwards, Croker questioned him as to this instance of foresight, extraordinary in so young a man, the Duke replied: "Why, I was not so young as not to know that since I had undertaken a profession I had better try to understand it. I believe" he added "that I owe most of my success to the attention I always paid to the inferior part of tactics as a regimental officer. There were very few men in the army who knew these details better than I did; it is the foundation of all military knowledge." It was a statement eminently characteristic of Wellington, who always laid excessive stress on the part which had been played in his own career by caution, calculation, forethought, and close attention to details.

The Duke's unduly modest estimate of his own qualities has been accepted somewhat too readily by the world at large. Various writers, from Byron and Napier, onwards and downwards have sought to convey the impression that the great general was chiefly an example of sublimely successful mediocrity. It has been a commonplace of superficial criticism to contrast his pedestrian and laborious assiduity with the flame-like inspiration of a Marlborough and a Napoleon. Sir Herbert Maxwell does not subscribe to this view, and he is perfectly right. Arthur Wellesley had his limitations; but if he was not a great genius and a great soldier, it is difficult to understand the meaning of the terms. It is true that he was patient and cautious, alike in his strategy and his tactics; but that was because he was most often in a position in which these qualities were above all things necessary to success. He may not often have been visited by Napoleon's or Nelson's sudden flashes of inspired insight; but after all no man of his time, except the great Emperor himself, could arrange a battle better. Continental writers, Germans especially, who are seldom very eulogistic of the Duke, habitually ignore one point of some significance. He was the only general of the first rank—with the doubtful exception of the Archduke Charles—who appeared in Europe, outside France, during three-and-twenty years of Titanic warfare. He made many mistakes: the Waterloo campaign was a series of blunders, of which the crowning battle was not the least; but no other commander ever did more with his material or had so few failures to record.

It is worth noting that Wellington must be credited with some discoveries and innovations in the art of war, of which the full importance is only now apparent. In the Peninsula he opposed the British line to the French column, and thus began the change which has culminated in rendering an infantry attack—except when certain English generals have the management of it—merely the advance of loose swarms of skirmishers.

There was another point on which Wellington anticipated the warfare of our own time. First among the commanders of Europe, he realised the importance of field positions, and understood the tremendous advantage which firearms, even when they were only short-range muzzle-loading muskets, conferred upon the defence. To turn from our daily newspapers to the interesting and lucid pages, in which Sir Herbert Maxwell describes Wellington's operations in Portugal in 1810, is to find oneself in the presence of a curious and almost startling analogy. It is impossible not to be struck by the fact that Wellington barred Masséna's advance by the lines of Torres Vedras, precisely as Cronje and Joubert blocked the way of our generals by their entrenchments on the Modder and the Tugela. In each case, an army, far superior in fighting power and quality, is held in check by an enemy, who makes up for his deficiencies by utilising the advantages of position. There is no doubt that Masséna, with his 72,000 French troops, must have easily defeated the 25,000 English and their half-organised Portuguese auxiliaries, if he had met them on equal terms. It needed the combination of Wellington's quickness of resource and his invincible patience, first to seize and fortify his Portuguese Plevna, and then to sit stubbornly behind it, in spite of a raving press, an angry public, and a doubting Ministry, at home, till disease and privation had done their work, and Masséna's decimated legions were compelled to retire.

Sir Herbert Maxwell has produced a biography which, on the whole, does justice to the subject and is very creditable to the writer. It is not perhaps the final and definitive Life of Wellington; for there may still be room for a work of higher literary quality than Sir Herbert is able to achieve. A figure, so striking and interesting as that of the Duke, which was exhibited on so large and animated a stage, should some time furnish a subject for a great artist. As Wellington the man, there remains something to be said, for which there was perhaps scarcely room in the two volumes, in which the latest biographer has presented the record of that long and varied career. At any rate, we have here the most adequate and satisfactory account of the Duke as soldier, administrator, and statesman, which has been compiled in recent years. We have only to compare Sir Herbert Maxwell's book with the once popular work of his namesake, the Irish novelist W. H. Maxwell, to realise how much the standard of historical workmanship has risen during the last forty years. For fairness, accuracy, and a lucid description of the campaigns, Sir Herbert's Memoir deserves very high praise; and not less for the skill with which he has dealt with the enormous mass of material at his disposal. It is an instructive and interesting biography, and one that may be read with peculiar advantage just now. Many of the acute and pregnant sentences, which are quoted from Wellington's Letters and Despatches, are pretty nearly as applicable to-day as they were when they were written. For though many things have altered since Wellington commanded armies, British soldiers and their officers, and British politicians and ministers, bear a strong resemblance to their predecessors eighty or ninety years ago.

Among the attractions of Sir Herbert Maxwell's volumes is a series of excellent maps to illustrate battles and strategic movements, and a large number of portraits of the Duke and his chief associates, lieutenants, and opponents. The illustrations also form a feature of the new edition of the late Sir William Fraser's "Words on Wellington." This book, with its caustic sentences and gossiping anecdotes, is too well known to need criticism. But the first edition, published ten years ago, has long since been absorbed, so that a new issue is extremely welcome. Among the reproductions of contemporary engravings, judiciously selected by Mr. Joseph Grego, is Lawrence's painting of the Duke as he appeared at the thanksgiving service at St. Paul's in 1818, and J. P. Knight's artificial and conventionalised attempt to imagine the scene at the solitary interview between Wellington and Nelson. Several of "H. B.'s" sketches are also given, so that the volume is as interesting for its pictures as its text, and is altogether a distinctly desirable addition to any "Wellington" collection.

AULD LANG SYNE.

"Auld Lang Syne: My Indian Friends." By the Right Hon. Professor F. Max Müller. London: Longmans. 1899. 10s. 6d.

IF we thought, rightly or wrongly, that there was a little too much of great people in the first volume of Professor Max Müller's reminiscences, assuredly no such charge could be alleged against this second instalment. The "Indian friends" are not sovereigns or society lions,—unless a Rajah and a Thakur Sahib can be so described in Europe—and the Professor's acquaintance with them was rather in the nature of an intellectual correspondence than a visit to Court. Some of his friends he never saw; for some were rishis and yogins, poets and saints, who may have lived a thousand years before Christ, perhaps, when they first chanted the hymns of the Veda. The book is really less a personal record than a study of Indian thought and character; but as such it has the peculiar charm which Professor Max Müller knows so well how to cast over that old Hindu lore to which he has devoted his long and honoured life. The great interest of the present volume, however, consists not so much in its representation of ancient Vedic ideas, as in its sympathetic study of the way in which modern and especially Christian notions have been assimilated or modified by a certain number of highly cultivated and thoughtful Hindus, some of whom visited England and were personally known to the author. His examination of the aims and teaching, and spiritual affinities, of six or seven of these leaders of modern Indian thought, from whom we have perhaps quite as much to learn as we are able to teach them in return, indicates what Mr. Max Müller considers a healthy fermentation of ideas which may lead in time to closer union between East and West. In this he seems to be at broad variance with Sir Alfred Lyall's Brahman, in the "Asiatic Studies," who regards the modern innovations as merely destructive of old paths, without opening up a better road. And it must be admitted that while we are here shown some admirable leaders, men of a nobility of character and an elevation of thought that would do honour to any race and any religion, there is a notable absence of any record of their followers. Some they had, we know, but whether the influence of Debendranath Tagore or Keshub Chunder Sen will prove to be either wide or permanent is a much more debatable question than the merits and "sweet reasonableness" of the men themselves. However this may be, the attempt to bring Brahmanism into touch with Christianity and European ethical ideas is a singularly interesting experiment.

At what a cost, too, the Indian reformers carried out their high emprise! Take the case of the brilliant, tragical Nilakantha Goreh, who became a Christian, but a Christian of a rare type not easily met with in theological colleges. "His father, a learned man, holding a high place among the Brahmins socially, a kind of bishop or dean, as we should call it, owed it to his position, not only to disown, but to disinherit, nay, publicly to curse, his son. The loss of his fortune was nothing to the son; but when it came to the curse, the father himself shrank back. He loved his son, and it is hinted that to a certain extent he may have shared his feelings. So, in order to avoid the necessity of the curse, he retired from the world and took upon himself the vow of perpetual silence. We wonder at the Trappists and their silence, but to be silent among friends who speak must be a greater trial still. These men generally retire from the world altogether. The father, after he had retired into the forest, never uttered a single word again to any human being. He disappeared altogether. . . . He probably went out of his mind and died, as many Sannyasins die in the forests of India." Nor was this all. The young wife of the convert was taken away from him, and though he afterwards carried her off again, their sacrifice was bitter. "In the whole of my life," says the Professor, "I have never seen so true a Christian, so true a martyr, as Nehemiah Goreh. And with all that, he was a philosopher, he knew what philosophy could say and had said on the possibility of revelation and of religion." The combination of philosophy and religion is essential

to the highest type of Indian minds, in curious contrast to the usual Western separation of the intellectual from the spiritual side of religion. And this makes Goreh's orthodoxy so remarkable.

The women of India suffer more than the men, when they leave the trodden paths. The story of Ramabai, the young Indian lady of rank who has devoted her life to helping the victims of that twin curse of her country, child-marriage and child-widowhood, is a noble example of endurance and self-sacrifice. Its romantic beginning in the waters of the Godavari and in the forest of the Western Ghats, when her father and mother had retired to be able to pursue the life of study and contemplation without hindrance; the long and weary tramps from place to place, when the young girl earned a living by reciting Sanskrit poems; her marriage and early widowhood, and the desperate step of coming to England to study medicine, followed by the catastrophe at Wantage and the taking refuge at Oxford, make up a history of the strangest and most heroic kind—the more heroic, because Ramabai is a Kauthura, of an old and noble Brahman family. She now presides over a home for some of those half-million child-widows (there are nearly 80,000 under nine years of age) who form so sad a blot upon Indian life. Child-marriages are becoming less common and less cruel, one is glad to know, and the age has been raised by Act of Parliament, thanks largely to the efforts of Malabari; but the rest of India is still far behind the State of Mysore, where not only is child-marriage prohibited but a law has been enacted making it penal for old men to marry young girls!

Professor Max Müller does not consider the importation of Indian youths to our universities, to be prepared for the Civil Service of their own country, altogether a success. He thinks they lose their good manners among English "freshmen," and that they do not acquire many notable advantages in compensation, if, indeed, they do not actually carry away a be-littling view of the English character and government. Our Indian visitors are quick-sighted, and can see the flaws in any foreign system with remarkable clearness. The Professor tells an amusing story about a party of young Indian Rajahs who happened to be travelling in Switzerland in the same railway carriage as some Russian noblemen. "They had been discussing among themselves some of their [Indian] grievances in English, and the Russians, who of course understood English, after listening to them for some time, became very communicative, and began to explain to them the beneficent rule of the Tsar. They even went so far as to hold out a hope to them of an Indian Parliament, as soon as the Russians were settled in Calcutta. On parting, they asked the Indian princes 'When shall we see you at S. Petersburg?' And they were not a little taken aback when the strangers bowed and smiled and said 'We are going just now to be present at the opening of Parliament in London. We should very much like to see S. Petersburg afterwards, and to be present at the opening of your Parliament.'"

The whole book is full of suggestive reflections on the intellectual, religious, and social development of India, and should be read by all who wish, as Mr. Max Müller does most earnestly, to break down the barriers of race and creed, of colour and speech, and to be real friends with our two hundred million Hindu fellow-subjects. "India," he says rightly, "has never had full justice done to it, and when I say this I think not only of ancient but of modern India also. And though it can easily be seen that my chief interest lies with ancient India, it should be remembered that in no other country is the past still so visibly present as in that southernmost home of the ancient family of Aryan speech. There may be more historical monuments, reminding us of the past, in Greece and Italy. But life, with its religion, philosophy, and literature, has completely changed there, and we look in vain for a Socrates or Plato on the steps of the Parthenon, or for a Cato or Cæsar among the lonely columns of the Forum. In India, on the contrary, the religion of the Veda is by no means entirely extinct. Not long ago even one of the old magnificent Vedic sacrifices was performed at Benares with all its pristine array. The old epic poems are still recited, . . . some of the

old philosophies are flourishing, so that men of the present day bring back to us in full reality the Rishis and Yogins of a thousand or two thousand years ago."

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.

"English Political Philosophy." By W. Graham. London: Arnold. 1899. 10s. 6d. net.

A BOOK on Political Philosophy raises inevitably in the sceptical mind the question whether political philosophy exists; so diverse are the postulates on which it has been based, so contradictory the conclusions in which it has issued. In the works of English thinkers, for example, to whom Mr. Graham confines his attention, "Contract" "Natural Law" and "Utility" clash in hopeless confusion; history majestically steps in to set them all aside; while despotism or democracy, ultra-conservatism or ultra-radicalism, emerge with equal complacency from all or any of the conflicting premisses. The "philosophy," one is inclined to suspect, is nothing but an excuse for the opinions; the "principles" merely the masque of an "ipse dixit." This, however, is not the conclusion to which Mr. Graham's researches have led him. He believes in political philosophy; he even believes that some of its results are "nearly as necessary and as universal as mathematical truths;" he believes, in a word, in the existence of "Natural Law." By this belief he separates himself from the modern English school of jurisprudence and joins hands with the doctors of the Continent and of Scotland. The issue raised is one of real importance to speculation, and therefore, in the long run, to practice. Are institutions to be tested by their proved or probable utility, or by their conformity to a standard of Right? Is it between clear soup and thick that we choose? or between God and the Devil? Mr. Graham, as we have said, belongs, on the whole, to the latter school; but he endeavours to compromise with the former. This endeavour appears to be prompted, in part, by a restless zeal for property. Property, he is clear, has to be justified; it is justified in fact, he believes, by Natural Law; still, some people might think it was not; so "it would seem best to rest its claims on Utility." The position appears to be that the true basis is Natural Law; but that where Natural Law conflicts with Utility, Utility must prevail. Such a compromise is really a contradiction. The two principles cannot be reconciled. The issue is the ethical one between Hedonism and Intuitionism, and it is an issue definite and clear. "Rights," say the one school, "are absolute, indefeasible and beyond discussion; they are, for example, the Right to life, to liberty, and to property; and on them rests, or should rest, the whole fabric of society." "On the contrary" reply the opponents. "Rights are mere calculations of expediency; they are subject to infinite discussion and modification; and with them vary, or should vary, laws and institutions." The opposition is radical. The one view involves an absolute rigidity of conviction, based, at the best, on a generous insight into Good; the other admits of indefinitely varying opinions, based, at the worst, on an inadequate appreciation of pleasure. The one would defend, through all eternity, the monogamic family; the other might assent to its extinction in the homogeneous horde.

Between these two alternatives, the assertion of immutable principles of Right and the reduction of all principle to a balance of utility, the choice is commonly supposed to lie. But clearly there is a third possibility. Right, we may admit with the advocates of Natural Law, is not the same thing as expediency; but we are not therefore driven to assume that we have, written in our hearts, a complete and final code of ethical rules. What we have, is the power to make judgments about Right; but such judgments have reference to particular sets of conditions, and are subject to revision as circumstances change, and wisdom and insight increase. The adherents of Natural Law regard certain of their judgments as absolutely true. That is a position that may be held, but can hardly be defended, for it excludes discussion. It may be used as a cloak for the merest and vilest prejudice; and it may issue, as we see in the East, in the perpetuation of "absolute" Rights

until they crystallise into absolute Wrongs. The problem before us at any moment is, "What is Right here and now?" To that problem we may perhaps find a true solution; but we can never legitimately or safely convert our solution into a rule valid for every time and place. The most we could ever affirm is that there are certain institutions which the judgment of civilised men, so far as we know, has invariably approved. But such an affirmation could not relieve us from the duty of inquiry whether they ought to be approved by ourselves.

DEATH-COLLECTING.

"Our Rarer British Breeding Birds—their Nests, Eggs, and Summer Haunts." By Richard Kearton. London: Cassell. 1899. 7s. 6d.

THE volume of Mr. Kearton which we have just set down is, through no fault of the writer, very melancholy reading. Birds which were once common in our islands but which ruthless persecution has made rare and rarer till they now tremble (for us) on the verge of extinction, is the burden which lies heavy on its pages, which chills our pleasure in the account of each poor doomed one and sets the image of death on the many admirable photographs which illustrate the life and nesting habits of some sixty species.

The extinction, indeed, at some time or other, of every creature once inhabiting the earth is—as geology can tell us—a part of the scheme of creation; but the process under nature, in most cases immeasurably slow, is seldom (unless aided by man's efforts) sufficiently rapid for us to be made disagreeably aware of it. Our sorrow, if excited at all, is chastened by the sense of order and inevitability, whilst the causes which may have brought about the result become an interesting subject for speculation and may produce fascinating chapters in the works of philosophic naturalists—as they, indeed, have done already in those of Darwin and Wallace. But sorrow has no relief and is intensified by indignation when creatures—and especially when birds—which used to be all around us, are hurried first into rarity and at last into non-existence by grown-up children whose delight is still in destruction and who keep eggs in drawers and in boxes as if they were marbles. Would that they were! Would that some superficial change in their juvenile psychology could make our bearded schoolboys collect marbles instead of birds' eggs! We do not, of course, mean that collectors are all as bad one as another. There is that moderate and rational collector, about whom we are always hearing, the man who will be satisfied with a reasonable number (say a box-full rather than a room-full) of the eggs of each species and who will never accept at the hands of a dealer a life which he may some day hope to extinguish himself. But as in a country infested by brigands all the bands should be extirpated, even though the misdeeds of some have not been characterised by so high a degree of atrocity as have those of others, so will all lovers of birds and bird-life rejoice in the diminution of collectors as a body whether they be moderate or immoderate, rational or irrational. All help; the man who fires, so to speak, with a muzzle-loading rifle marches side by side with the one who carries the newest and most effective form of repeater. Every kind of intermediate weapon, every grade of destructibility, is represented amongst them. All are constantly going off and in the general never-ending volley the birds are swept away.

It has been and it still is so with our butterflies. No doubt many of the great army of collectors who swarmed down to the fens after the great copper and the swallow-tailed butterfly were men who bore a conscience (like Bothwell) and collected moderately. But they all killed and, between them, the great copper has ceased to exist and the swallow-tail is in process of ceasing. It is collecting which does the mischief, and each individual collector must share in that heavy burden (which he bears so lightly) of responsibility for life wasted and beauty done to death. One hardly knows whether to feel slightly relieved or still more depressed in learning that this hideous process of extermination is going on in defiance of the law; but the latter, we fear, is the

more rational emotion. Laws that are so flagrantly outraged can find no echo in the heart of the community and the whole nation is thus made co-partner in the sin. Is there no remedy for all this wickedness?—for wickedness it is and whatever our callous age may think, that is the view of it which will be taken by future more enlightened ones. Education—the education of the child—the strenuous inculcation of the doctrine that to observe and become acquainted with their habits is the proper, the only, object with which animals should be sought and approached is, we believe, the only adequate remedy.

Meanwhile destruction rages and we would earnestly press upon statesmen not too much absorbed in the necessary killing of their own species to take thought for the preservation of others—as interesting perhaps and far less common—the practical suggestion of Mr. Kearton that "we should select a dozen species admitted by a committee of practical ornithologists to be most in danger, and afford them personal protection during the whole of the breeding season by placing reliable watchers, night and day, upon their nesting-grounds." May this be done and then may the practical ornithologists select another dozen—and go on!

VERSE.

"Rue." By Laurence Housman. London: Unicorn Press. 1899. 3s. 6d. net.

"The Apostle of the Ardennes." By Lady Lindsay. London: Kegan Paul. 1899. 3s. 6d. net.

"Sonnets in Switzerland and Italy." By H. D. Rawnsley. London: Dent. 1899. 4s. 6d.

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN is of those who avoid commonplace by plunging boldly into the obscure. The result, expanded over large paper and expressed in lines of dreamy, not unpleasing rhythm, is something very like imposture. With many doubtless it will pass for deep mysticism: the word has fascination for weak heads and forestalls all merely sane inquiry as to what the poet is driving at. The pity is that Mr. Housman ought not to require this sorry kind of protection. Distinction of a sort is not wanting in some of his work, and even in "Rue" his lucid intervals if infrequent are not wholly unfruitful. This is an example of his fine perplexing manner:—

"Dear garden face, with eyes of dawn,
Where all my gladness grows,
Now breaks upon your secret lawn
The slumber of the rose."

One has the feeling that these lines might be pretty if they were fully intelligible. Here on the other hand is no such uncertainty:—

"You hear a blind man preach the light
Wherein he never dwelt,
Because his hands can handle right
The darkness that is felt."

That is insight of a rather unusual quality. As a whole the book baffles and irritates. A certain sequence is to be assumed throughout the pieces and we catch occasionally a glimmer of connexion, but for the most part we are hopelessly in the dark. Mr. Housman should return to clarity if only out of condescension to the remnant of readers whose imagination is still tramelled by consecutive thought. As alternative we suggest that his next offering of "Rue" be provided with an "argument" in sordid prose; whether by himself or by some admiring friend will not matter in the least, but poems like "Rue" are by no means restricted to a single meaning.

At most times we suspect the "Apostle of the Ardennes" would prove a dull companion. The attempt however to solve a meaning out of "Rue" induces a vacuous frame of mind in which one may follow him without boredom through quite a number of pages. The tale flows equably along in blank verse of a diction which though not particularly noble is seldom painfully prosaic. If, as we fancy, the main interest is intended to be psychological the poem fails of its object. In spite of his astonishing adventures and many somewhat obvious searchings of heart the Apostle

is wooden to the last and leaves us unmoved. Very wisely Lady Lindsay has given him a mediæval setting and this supplies her with matter for numerous descriptive passages in which her modest talent sometimes appears to advantage. She is best in writing of nature:—

"Past track of brushwood and pale bursting thorn,
And rugged crags where ivy garlands clung
Or holly bushes crowded, and dusk yew
Made here and there a blot that showed the rest
More golden in the flickering afternoon."

Lady Lindsay might do some very passable verse if she would limit herself to shorter pieces and use epithets more sparingly.

Poetry of the guide-book order repels us, but in the case of Canon Rawnsley our natural repulsion is considerably softened. His verses if not very loftily inspired have grace and a degree of accomplishment that denotes the practised hand. He seems a rather formidable kind of traveller. No excuse for a sonnet escapes him. Whatever he sees is forthwith admired in octaves and his reflections fall inevitably into sestets. Facility of this sort does not go with high distinction, but Canon Rawnsley has a clear notion of his limits and within these contrives to maintain a pleasing level of merit. The sincere and simple dedication to Mr. Ruskin is one of the best things in the book.

THE NIOBE OF NATIONS.

"Modern Spain, 1788-1898." By Martin A. S. Hume. "The Story of the Nations." London: Unwin. 1899. 5s.

FOR Spain the period covered by Major Martin Hume in his latest contribution to her history was one of disaster and humiliation. It is a pathetic and pitiful record. At the point at which Major Hume takes up the story, Spanish greatness was already a thing of the past. Her Imperial bulk was still considerable, but was ill-governed and ill-conditioned. It needed no very serious shock to resolve the Empire into its elements. The central system of government inaugurated and perfected under Charles V. and Philip II. required for its efficient working firm hands and wise heads, which few of their successors or their successors' counsellors possessed. Under the influence of the Inquisition the spirit was taken out of the Spanish people, and a proud but more or less inert community, weakly and often viciously governed, could hope to be little else than the sport of unkind circumstance. Spain had a chance of a new lease of vigorous life under Charles III. during a reign which began in 1759 and extended over nearly thirty years. But his splendid courage in opposing the Papacy and his schemes for rousing the nation to a due sense of its position were incomprehensible to his people. They neither approved nor understood reforms from which they profited.

Unfortunately even Charles III. was not proof against the blandishments of France. He led Spain into "the unhappy entanglement" which resulted in a series of signal disasters. Unpopular wars with England were followed by intrigues such as those of Godoy which sold her to Napoleon, and the crash and confusion of the first quarter of the nineteenth century were consummated by the loss of the American colonies. In the revolt of the British colonies some fifty years earlier Spain took sides with the rebels. Count de Aranda writing to Floridablanca not only foresaw that a dangerous precedent had been set, but prophesied that the new republic would some day be a giant forgetful of benefits received and thoughtful only of its own aggrandisement. The end of Major Hume's story, the Spanish-American war of 1898, may well be taken as the fulfilment of the prediction. Hardly less remarkable, though less well authenticated, was the prophecy of Pitt on his death bed, when the news of Austerlitz reached him, that the force which would ultimately ruin Napoleon would take its rise in Spain. Insurrections, Carlist wars, anarchy, efforts to escape tyranny, merciless bleeding by unprincipled adventurers, hopeless aspirations after better things have marked Spanish history in the nineteenth century. "Just at the hour when

brighter days were dawning and the sound-hearted people of Spain were entering the circle of enlightened self-governing nations," writes Major Hume, "the sins of the fathers are visited upon them and the payment for past evil is exacted to the full." Spain is "the Niobe of nations." Her tribulations have been bitter as her shortcomings were many. As a nation she has to begin life afresh, with little or no chance of distinction for many a long year to come. Will the lessons she has learnt in the hard school of experience be lost on her?

Major Martin Hume's volume puts her case ably. His grip of all that affects Spanish history is as striking in this as in his earlier works. We wish he would show the same regard for the Queen's English that he has for facts. It says much for the general attractiveness of his style that, irritating slips of grammar notwithstanding, it is possible to describe the latest "Story of the Nations" as one of the best of a useful series.

THE PROBLEM OF VOLCANOES.

"Volcanoes: their Structure and Significance." By T. G. Bonney. London: Murray. New York: Putnam's Sons. 1899. 6s.

OF volcanoes, as subjects of speculation, we never tire. To poet, romancer, and man of science alike they offer a gateway to the inner mysteries of earth, and the light that glares from their mouths is a reflection from the halls of the unknown. Little by little as we analyse their lavas in our test-tubes, or scrutinise them in thin slices under the microscope, as we study the preparations of extinct volcanoes on nature's dissecting board, as we trace the outpourings of volcanoes of the past or decompose with spectroscopes the flames of those now raging, so little by little we approach a comprehension of their causes and gain more precise knowledge as to the interior and primitive constitution of our planet.

Where do we stand now, rather more than a hundred years since Spallanzani founded the science of vulcanology? It may be said that we know the immediate facts of the case almost as well as we are ever likely to do: the structure of volcanoes, the phenomena of eruptions in their various kinds, the ancient history of volcanic activity, the distribution of modern volcanoes, the composition of their ejectamenta. All this we know; but, so far, every increase of knowledge has meant an increase of difficulty, and the problem remains as puzzling to us as it was to Empedocles. Even comparing Dr. Bonney's book with the similar volume issued eighteen years ago by Professor Judd, it is a little difficult to see how we have advanced towards a theory of vulcanicity.

Perhaps during the last quarter of the century we have learned to attach yet more importance to the action of water, whether in producing the actual explosion, or in combining with the molten rocks so as to render them more fluid by reducing the temperature of solidification. But we still find the access of water rather hard to understand. By analyses of erupted materials, we have learned that the molten masses beneath us must have remained but little altered from the time of the first cooling of the globe; whether they have ever solidified or no, they have not been greatly changed in character by the melting down of sedimentary rocks. The succession in time of lavas of different composition suggests that there may have been some separating out of materials of different specific gravity during the original solidification of the globe; or, as is now thought to be probable, that the constituents of the molten mass may have tended to separate according to differences of temperature in different parts of the mass. Thus we may explain the general similarity in lavas of the same period and the same region, and the gradual or sudden changes of character met with as one passes into another region. But the objections to the idea of a fluid interior of the earth, or even to the occurrence of vast reservoirs of molten rock at a relatively small distance from the surface, still appear insuperable; while if we imagine the existence beneath the crust of a layer not far from its melting point, ready to rush into fluid the moment

pressure is removed, we have still to account for the relief of pressure, and for the upward flow of the molten substratum.

Roughly speaking, volcanoes are distributed over the face of the globe in lines; and those lines appear to correspond with, or to run parallel to, axes of elevation. The elevation, it is generally assumed, is due to the contraction of the earth as it cools, and the wrinkling of its crust. Thus lines of weakness or actual fissures are started, and up these the molten rocks are forced by the pressure in adjacent areas. The corroboration of this hypothesis, and its adaptation to all the facts, is the task set by Dr. Bonney to "men of first-class ability" in the coming century. Possibly the consideration of a tetrahedron as the natural plan of a cooling globe—a theory first enunciated by Lowthian Bell and recently revived in this country by Dr. J. W. Gregory—may afford a key to the problem.

NOVELS.

"Miss Carmichael's Conscience: a Study in Fluctuations." By Baroness von Hutten. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1900.

Miss Carmichael "had a dimple under one eye which was very persuasive," and no man could resist her, though, beyond the dimple, it is not easy to explain the source of her successes. She amused herself by enslaving a commonplace young man who was engaged to a pleasant but somewhat colourless young woman. Then she dined with Lord Yarrow and met Mr. Jacques Woodvil, who "had beautiful teeth, a little speck of gold in one of them." This was evidently irresistible for she straightway fell in love for the first time in her life. Then she discovered that Woodvil had a wife in Brazil and, on the impulse of her disappointment, her conscience pricked her about the commonplace young man. So she released him from her thrall and did penance by marrying Lord Yarrow's son and heir, a rich cripple. The story is thin and by no means distinguished, but it is often amusing in a quiet way.

"Vengeance is Mine." By Andrew Balfour. London: Methuen. 1899. 6s.

It is a pity that Mr. Balfour should waste his vigorous writing upon unpleasant melodrama. The wildest imaginings of an Adelphi playwright would pale their fires before the inconceivable adventures on sea and land through which he drags his present hero, Neil Darrock. At one time he appears as a Scottish advocate, at another as a common seaman who is keelhaunched as well as flogged; one bullet takes away his senses, another restores his lost memory; sometimes he is fighting for France, and sometimes for England; Napoleon and Waterloo are dragged in to keep the tragi-comedy going. The whole story is too delirious for serious criticism.

"A Roman Mystery." By Richard Bagot. London: Digby, Long. 1899. 6s.

With great tact Mr. Bagot evades the fault so common to authors of dramatic fiction—that of crowding the unravelling of all the mystery into the last chapter. From the first page of this novel to the last our interest is pleasantly stimulated. The characters are all the more genuine for the fact that none of them are wholly bad. Some are easily recognisable by frequenters of Roman or Florentine society. For a novel that does not claim to be serious, it is, in places, a little diffuse. The characters mostly talk a great deal but not particularly well. The subject reminds us of Mr. Marion Crawford. "A Roman Mystery" is a not unpleasant novel.

"John Ames, Native Commissioner: a Romance of the Matabele Rising." By Bertram Mitford. London: White. 1899. 3s. 6d.

Those who have read Mr. Mitford's earlier works will know what to expect in a new African "romance" from his hand. There is much dramatic incident in the story of the Matabele rebellion, and the writer has made skilful use of it. The inevitable love episodes are not quite so banal as usual, but Mr. Mitford is one of those novelists who possess only one plot, and the

actual story of "John Ames" has been discounted by his previous books. At the same time, his thorough knowledge of South Africa, and his undoubted gift for "stirring narrative" make the book quite readable.

"The Realist." By Herbert Flowerdew. London: John Lane. 1899. 6s.

To "The Realist" the author has given the sub-title of "A Modern Romance." In its fatuous absurdities and improbabilities the story is typically modern. The characters and the plot are equally unreal. Of the heroine we are told, that "her voice had the same golden softness as her hair," and of another character that "he began to chat with a brightness which surprised himself about the village." So much for style!

"Nell Gwyn's Diamond." By I. Hooper. London: Black. 1899. 6s.

Mr. Hooper adheres to the beaten track. We seem to remember many stories about jewels, which brought bad luck, and adventures attending their loss and recovery. Were it otherwise, we might furnish up some slight interest in this story. As it is, we can only contemplate the many defects of taste, probability and commonsense which must irritate the most indulgent.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Tales from Boccaccio." Done into English by Joseph Jacobs. Illustrated by Byam Shaw. London: George Allen. 1899. 7s. 6d.

Of the seventy-two tales of the "Decamerone" that are not, to quote Mr. Jacobs, "more broad than they are long," four which represent the supreme master of the "conte" in his graver mood are here translated anew. We once more wonder at the uncompromising patience of Griselda; we lose ourselves afresh in the oriental glamour of the story of Saladin and Torello; we are touched again as it were by a wonderful tale just told in reading of the magnanimous Sir Federigo and his falcon; we are moved again by the simply told tragedy of Isabella and her pot of basil. Mr. Jacobs' Introduction is suggestive and piquantly interesting. Mr. Byam Shaw's page illustrations are excellent, but the decorative borders are apt to tire one by repetition. This handsome book will if we mistake not send many to Boccaccio's pages who knew him not before and many who have admired him before will find their faith strengthened in the power of the man who was the first of the moderns to study Homer in the original, the first of the Italians to comment on Dante, a great artist who took nature as his model and whom Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Molière did not disdain to look upon as a master craftsman.

"A Constitutional and Political History of Rome from the Earliest Times to the Reign of Domitian." By T. M. Taylor, M.A., Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. London: Methuen. 1899. 7s. 6d.

We are not sure that Mr. T. M. Taylor is quite authorised in saying that a demand exists for a text-book dealing with the origin of Roman institutions which will be accessible to students who cannot read French or German. But we will take his word for it, as he appears, from his address, to be connected with a famous "cramming" establishment. He has compressed a great amount of solid information into a small space, and he has arranged his matter in as lucid and interesting a manner as under the circumstances was possible. In fact, we may point to his book as a model of conscientious assimilation and not unscholarly reproduction. It is, no doubt, well fitted for young men anxious to earn the highest number of marks at the least expenditure of time. But we feel sure that Mr. Taylor will agree with us that those who possess a genuine aptitude for history would get more profit, and experience less fatigue, from the direct perusal of some of the "authorities" to which he acknowledges his obligations.

The "North American Review" appeals more and more to British readers, and goes one better—if it is better—than the English reviews, in devoting half its space to the war. Mr. G. Leveson-Gower gives a résumé of a conversation with the Duke of Cambridge, who thinks the time has arrived when the same popular interest that has resulted in the efficiency of the Navy should be aroused in the Army. Dr. Leyds' response to certain questions put to him by the Editor is at least diplomatic. Questions of moment he abstains from answering: questions which do not particularly matter he answers with ready commonplaces. Earl Grey explains a few essential facts about the past relations of Boer and Briton but has nothing new to tell us. Professor Hans Delbrück is almost ecstatic over the checks which the British forces have sustained in South Africa, and pooh-poohs the idea that England is fighting for equality of the white races. He assures us that the feelings of the Continental nations of Europe at this moment are in an astonishing

unison against England and would greet with joy any measures taken to thwart England's wicked purpose. Vladimir Holmstrom and Prince Oskhtomsky give a moving picture of Great Britain on the war-path. The Transvaal war is only another evidence of English bad faith and another move in Britain's great scheme of world-conquest. It is "practically a step in the mobilisation of all the forces of the British Empire, the colonial forces included." The Colonies are being "sacrificed for the English ideal." Muscovite inability to appreciate the forces which weld a free empire could hardly be exemplified more pointedly or more amusingly. Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Character Study" of Sir Redvers Buller will afford those who do not know him personally some idea of the tastes and habits of one who is popularly regarded only as a martinet. "The legends of his brusquerie" Mr. Gosse attributes to "a certain shyness never entirely conquered."

"Oporto Old and New" by Charles Sellers (London: Herbert Harper, Crutched Friars. 1899. £1 1s.) is an elaborate and admirably illustrated "historical record of the port-wine trade and a tribute to British enterprise in the North of Portugal." This history of the British community who established the port-wine trade of Oporto embraces a period of nearly 300 years.—The volume of "Knowledge" for January to December 1899 is a storehouse of natural history facts and observations. Its interest is however not confined exclusively to the heavens and the earth and all that lives and moves; an occasional article such as Mr. E. W. Maunders' admirable essay on "The Zodiacal Coins of the Emperor Jehangir" finds a place in its pages.—Mr. Robert Routledge's "Discoveries and Inventions of the Nineteenth Century" (Routledge. 7s. 6d.) now in its ninth edition, has been revised up to date.

In response to a casual regret expressed in this REVIEW that Mr. Swinburne's "Heptalogia" was no longer accessible, we have received from Mr. T. B. Mosher, of Portland, Maine, who makes, it seems, a speciality of reprinting such rarities, a copy not only of the "Seven Against Sense" but also one of "Under the Microscope"—Mr. Swinburne's contribution to the "Fleshly School of Poetry" debate. Both these volumes are "ex-politissimi libelli" in the way of paper and type and are also furnished with exactly the right amount of scholarly bibliography. These editions are limited to 450 copies each; but Mr. Mosher has also sent us a specimen of a "Vest Pocket Omar," in Fitzgerald's translation and with his notes entire. This beautiful little book costs the ridiculous trifle of twenty-five cents. As long as English authors and publishers are satisfied, English bookbuyers will certainly be pleased to know of this American enterprise.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Die deutsche Litteratur des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts. Von Richard M. Meyer. Berlin: Georg Bondi. 1900. 10m. (London: D. Nutt.)

The remarkable enterprise of Georg Bondi, of Berlin, can only be described by the epithet so ready to Teutonic lips—colossal. He has entrusted to Dr. Paul Schlenther, the manager of the Hofburg in Vienna, and the author of the best critical biography of the greatest living German playwright, Gerhart Hauptmann, the editorship of a series of volumes dealing with "The Nineteenth Century in Germany's Development." Each branch of national life is treated in an independent tome, and whereas an English publisher would have aimed at a pleasant little set of shilling or eightpenny volumes, Dr. Schlenther and Herr Bondi are producing an interminable line of portentous quartos with innumerable pages in each. This encyclopædic undertaking—long words are an obvious compliment—is to be completed in eleven instalments. The first, on intellectual and social tendencies, was published some time last year, and Professor Ziegler, the author, dismissed his theme in a monograph of 700 pages. The second dealt with German art, and the third, which has recently reached us, reviews the literature of the century. Dr. Meyer, the compiler, beats Professor Ziegler's record by a matter of 250 pages. The last page of the volume is numbered 966, and as the book measures nine inches in length by six in width and two and a half in depth, the cubic contents of this modest little summary may be calculated by the intelligent schoolboy. Bondi's "Nineteenth Century" series is not to be read by him who runs, but, given a comfortable armchair, a book-rest, and plenty of time, considerable pleasure and instruction are to be derived from Dr. Meyer's study. The writer is one of the most brilliant of the younger tutors at Berlin University, and he has already made his mark in the world of letters by a Life of Goethe, which is becoming a standard classic. His present monograph, which is conceived on the liberal principle of nine or ten pages to a year—the proportion is not accurately kept—suffers a little from the fact that there has been no consecutive development in German literature since 1801. There have been several false starts since Goethe and Schiller retired to their niches in the Pantheon, and the arrests and renewals have corresponded to the interruptions in political history. If divisions of the calendar were to be observed at all, this work should

have stopped somewhere in the middle of the 'seventies, for the literary movement after the foundation of Imperial Germany has features absolutely distinct from anything that went before it. Moreover, 1899 or 1900 does not mark any pause whatsoever in the evolution of German literature. The date comes, it may be hoped, in the very midst of a wholesome and well-defined period, in which admirable talents and tendencies are arriving at the maturity of their powers. Twenty years ago, they were inchoate, and might reasonably have been neglected in such a survey; twenty years hence, their pioneers will be old men, and the review of their achievements might close a chapter. But to-day the date that has been fixed by the tyranny of the solar system is a purely arbitrary point in the evolution traced by Dr. Meyer; and though, in obedience to his slightly pedagogic habit of giving a password to each decade, he entitles his tenth chapter (1890–1899) "Concentration," we feel that the various experiments that are marking German authorship just now do not lend themselves to the scope of this work. Still, Dr. Meyer's conscientious labours demand respectful attention. Regarded merely as a work of reference, his book is a most valuable possession, and the industrious reader will be rewarded by many choice bits of criticism and by the enjoyment of an extremely cultivated, though somewhat too suave style. It is merely a little unfortunate that in the classic country of "Lehrfreiheit," the editor of a series of monographs should have to apply that principle without reserve to the fluency of his contributors.

Gesammelte Aufsätze zur neueren Litteratur in Deutschland, Oesterreich, America. Von Anton E. Schönbach. Graz: Leuschner und Lubensky. 1900.

Über Lesen und Bildung. Von Anton E. Schönbach. Sechste, stark erweiterte Auflage. Graz: Leuschner und Lubensky. 1900.

Anton Schönbach is an older critic than Richard Meyer, and one more deeply impregnated with the traditions and limitations of "philology." The distinction is worth mentioning because, in a less deliberate fashion, the collected essays of Dr. Schönbach are also intended to assist an "impartial judgment on the value of the poetry of the nineteenth century for our education and culture." One may reserve one's opinion on the existence or the non-existence of "the poetry of the nineteenth century." The impartial historian would be puzzled to catalogue it without beginning some years before the formal dawn of that epoch, and without closing the entries at a date remote from its conclusion. But, granting Dr. Schönbach his chronology, it is interesting to note the difference between a brilliant writer of the newer and more belletristic school, as typified in Dr. R. M. Meyer, and a solid, methodical critic of the stamp of the author of these essays. The German "philologe," to use the vernacular term, is always anxious to prove something; the consequence is, or, rather, one of the consequences is, he is apt to adduce too many facts, and to give too little space to reflection. If Dr. Meyer occasionally meanders—"Let us have no meandering," said the old lady on the second page of "David Copperfield"—Dr. Schönbach is occasionally tiresome; and if Dr. Meyer in places comes as near to "birrelling" as can be expected of a German Privatdozent, Dr. Schönbach is sometimes as nearly dryasdust as can happen to the intelligent student of three living literatures. He and his school forget that a book meant to be read must be interesting; the most scientific criticism will fail to convince if it is dull. The subject of modern American novels, for instance, to which an essay in the volume is devoted, could surely be treated without offence against the canons of German "philology" in a style less calculated to repel the inquirer than is exemplified in the following passage: "'Our Old Home' is all that survives of Hawthorne's scheme to discuss the relation between America and England. It contains sketches of English life, descriptions of landscape and architecture, clothed in the romantic fascination of the great past. Hawthorne compiled these essays out of his diaries; only a few seem to have been bodily transferred. . . . The slight changes which Hawthorne had to introduce affect rather the observation than the substance, or to quote Schiller, they injure the true, not the real nature. Compare, for instance, the entries in the diary I. 52, 55, 58f., 63f., 135, 168f., 368f.; II. 195f., 324, with the section of the book, 'Outside Glimpses of English Poverty.' Surely, this leaves too much to the uninspired industry of the reader. A more satisfactory performance is Dr. Schönbach's earlier work on "Reading and Culture," which has now deservedly reached its sixth and extended edition. This treats of tendencies rather than results, and the scientific method moves more freely in more congenial circumstances. The eight chapters of the book are respectively called, "Present Conditions," "Aims," "Ways and Means," "Emerson and his Circle," "New German Poetry," "Realism," "The Youngest Tendencies," and "About Henrik Ibsen;" and the volume is closed by three lists of books and a working bibliography of Emerson. The lists deal with "The World's Classics," "Selection from Modern Fiction," and "German Poetry and Prose." The first, it will be seen, is a kind of unconscious attempt to enumerate the hundred best books. The precise number given is a hundred and sixteen, Shakespeare's plays, for instance, and Goethe's poems, plays,

romances, essays, and letters, counting respectively as one each. This new edition of "Reading and Culture" is well worth reading for itself. It is characterised by a high moral tone as well as deep critical insight, if, indeed, the two can exist apart. The essay on Emerson especially, who appeals so strongly to the sentiment of liberal Germany, may be read with pleasure and profit; and the writer's judgment on Henrik Ibsen is at once temperate and correct: "Looking at his mastery of all the instruments of his craft, looking at the facility with which he derives the strongest effects from unapparent causes and casts a spell on the minds of audience or spectators, one would have to add Ibsen's name to the list of the world's greatest poets. But there is lacking, if I judge rightly, a single element to his talent, which is indispensable to the highest rank of poetic genius. Even in Ibsen's rare lyrical poems, one sees at once that he first grasps the thought, and then—often very happily—discovers a setting to suit it. Thought and picture never occur simultaneously; we are always conscious of the distinction between an earlier and a later. In other words, intuition is not Ibsen's greatest gift. He does not, like Shakespeare, von Eschenbach, and Goethe, possess the microcosm of poetry in which to mirror the macrocosm of life and the world. Ibsen is a reflective poet, . . . and many of his plays leave us with a certain chill."

Deutsche Rundschau. Edited by Dr. Julius Rodenberg. Vol. XXVI. No. 4. January 1900.

The New Year's number of this famous Review opens with an excellent poem by Ernst von Wildenbruch, the unofficial Poet Laureate of Germany, on the dawn of the new century. In a series of stanzas full of vigour and imagination he traces the downfall of Bonaparte, the rise of his old hero Bismarck, and the hopes of the new German Empire. A prose contribution on the same subject from the pen of Max Lenz borrows its title of "The Great Powers" from Ranke, and forms the first instalment of a political review of the last hundred years. Paul Heyse, the veteran novelist, publishes the third portion of his reminiscences, which carry us on this occasion to Munich under King Max. Philipp Zorn contributes a valuable paper on the legal aspects of the Peace Conference at The Hague which he attended in an official capacity. The beginning of a new serial story and some other miscellaneous papers comprise with the usual editorial matter the contents of a very interesting New Year's number.

Neue Deutsche Rundschau. Vol. XI. No. 1. January 1900.

The chief contents of this high-class monthly are a paper by Professor Ziegler on "The Flood of the New Century;" twenty-three pages "Out of the Life and Work of Ernst Häckel," the Darwinian, by Wilhelm Bolsche, who will shortly publish a book on that subject in Dierck's "Men of the Time;" "A Comedy Actress"—a story—by Elspeth Meyer-Förster, and the usual admirable summaries of literature and drama.

Alt-Celtischer Sprachschatz. Von Alfred Holder, 12te Lieferung. Nöri-ci-Poeninus. Leipzig: B. G. Teubner. 1900. This is the twelfth instalment of this specialists' lexicon.

For This Week's Books see page 90.

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